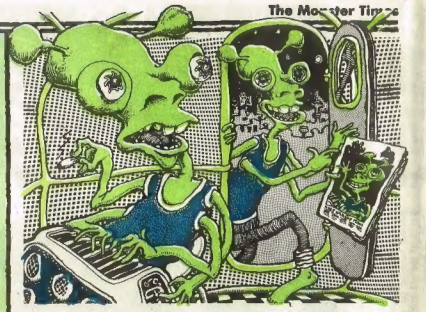
NEXT ISSUE!

Prepare yourselves for the slime of your lives, Monster Times . . . next issue we will finally be bringing you our long-promised, in-depth report on THE GREEN SLIME! *You'll learn scores of invaluable (or is it unvaluable?) facts about every aspect of this long-neglected classic that not only featured the best Green Slime ever to appear on the screen but also one of the most obnoxious ad campaigns ever designed. This is an article you will never forget, though you'll probably be inclined to try.*

Of even greater impact and importance, we'll also be giving you the results of The Monster Poll *we ran back in issue 18. We've received hundreds and hundreds of ballots and our readers' responses contained a good many startling surprises, all of which will be fully detailed next time . . . and a lucky winner announced. There'll be a complete breakdown of the results of each category and it should be fun to match your choices with the readers' consensus.*

Reporter Brian MacFadden will be taking you on a tour of Shepperton Studios, England's super-productive horror film company, responsible for THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD *and* TALES FROM THE CRYPT, *among many others. Plus we'll have the story of the rediscovery of the previously lost film,* THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM; *the return of* GODZILLA; *a profile on* THE CREEP, *the horrible host of Channel 5 New York's* CREATURE FEATURES *show; and all the regular TMT features and the usual surprises.*

Remember: There's a little monster in all of us . . . and, if you don't buy our next issue, there may very well be a BIG monster at your door!



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21

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GIANT COLOR POSTER INSIDE

the Monster Times

FRANKENSTEIN IN THE COMICS PAGE 6

60¢

FRANKENSTEIN FILMBOOK

FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE

FRANKENSTEIN FILMLIST

THE DECLINE OF FRANKENSTEIN: AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANKENSTEIN ROCK WITH FRANKENSTEIN

THE TOTAL FRANKENSTEIN

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the Monster Times

THE MONSTER MASH

By B. PICKETT and L. CAPIZZI

©GARPAX MUSIC CO/CAPIZZI MUSIC BMI

"I WAS WORKING IN MY LAB, LATE ONE NIGHT..."

MINDING MY OWN BIZNESS...

"WHEN MY EYES BEHELD AN EERIE SIGHT!"

THE MONSTER FROM MY LAB BEGAN TO RISE AND SUDDENLY, TO MY SURPRIZE... SNAP

HE DID THE MASH!

HE DID THE MONSTER MASH, THE MONSTER MASH, IT WAS A GRAVEYARD SMASH. THE MONSTER MASH IT CAUGHT ON IN A FLASH.

GLOMP

THE MONSTER MASH. DAT'S ME!

"FROM MY LABORATORY IN THE CASTLE EAST, FROM THE MASTER BEDROOM WHERE THE VAMPIRES FEAST. THE GHOULS ALL CAME FROM THEIR HUMBLE ABODES TO GET A JOLT FROM MY ELECTRODES."

LISTEN, HONEY. THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG.

LET'S GO.

"THE ZOMBIES WERE HAVING FUN, THE PARTY HAD JUST BEGUN.

ED, TED, NED, THE ZOMBIE BROS.

DARLING, I LOVE YOUR EYE MAKEUP.

KISS ME!

NUH, UH. NOT UNTIL YOU SHAVE THOSE FANGS.

"THE SCENE WAS ROCKY, ALL WERE DIGGING THE SOUNDS. IGOR ON CHAINS BACKED BY HIS BAYING HOUNDS."

I MEAN WELL.

OH, OH, OH, OH

BORN TO RAISE HELL

WANNA SHAKE?

"THE COFFIN-BANGERS WERE ABOUT TO ARRIVE, WITH THEIR VOCAL GROUP, THE CRYPT-KICKER FIVE.

"OUT FROM HIS COFFIN DRAC'S VOICE DID RING. SEEMS HE WAS TROUBLED BY JUST ONE THING..."

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY TRANSYLVANIAN TWIST?

"IT'S NOW THE MASH. IT'S NOW THE MONSTER MASH, AND IT'S A GRAVEYARD SMASH, IT CAUGHT ON IN A FLASH."

THE MONSTER MASH

THE MONSTER MASH.

IT SWINGS.

I DIG IT, NOW.

NOW EVERYTHING'S COOL. DRAC'S A PART OF THE BAND, AND MY MONSTER MASH'S THE HIT OF THE LAND.

UNFAIR MONSTERS UNION

WHAT YOU MEAN "YOUR" MONSTER MASH?

"FOR YOU, THE LIVING, THIS MASH WAS MEANT TOO, WHEN YOU GET TO MY DOOR, TELL 'EM..."

BORIS SENT ME.

COME IN, SONNY.

"AND YOU CAN MASH. YOU'LL DO THE MONSTER MASH. ETC.

SWING IT, YOU GUYS.

SAY, WHAT'S FER T' EAT?

Vrlie

THE END.

FOR ALEX CABARGA

NOTE: PARTS OF THE SONG HAVE BEEN DELETED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE PICTURES.

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

the Monster Times

Volume 1, No. 21

Well, our All-Frankenstein issue is here, the result of months of extensive research, rampant creativity, unbridled enthusiasm, and good clean hard work. In this issue, Allan Asherman brings his eerie expertise to the original 1931 **FRANKENSTEIN** classic and gives it the full TMT filmbook treatment. We want you to devote your full attention to this masterwork, as it took months for our author to write it and what seemed like years to deliver it to the office.

Also on hand is Dave Stidworthy's study of the unfortunate **DECLINE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, guaranteed to bring a tear to the most unsentimental eye. Dave details our favorite Monster's downhill flight from the Universal classics of the 30's to his deliverance into the hot hands of unscrupulous schlock producers. This shocking report is followed by **YOUR COMPLETE FRANKENSTEIN FILMOGRAPHY**, a comprehensive compendium of almost all the Monster's movies; a complete Frankenstein filmography, in fact. Ron Haydock takes you on a tour of the REAL **Frankenstein Castle** in Germany, and news reporter-photographer Jack Jones conducts *an exclusive TMT interview with former Frankenstein Monster*, **Glenn Strange.** As if this weren't enough, we've also got a report on the **First Frankenstein** ever to appear on the screen (back in 1910); another TMT superstrip; and other items of a fact-filled, fascinating nature.

In a non-Frankenstein note, we'd like to remind those of you who haven't filled out and forwarded your Monster Poll ballots that *time is running out.* There's still time, but only if you send them in right away—we're going to be giving the results next issue. In the meantime, we suggest that you don your monster boots, light a torch and forge ahead through our Frankenstein Special. And remember: Beauty's only skin deep; you might not like the way monsters look, but you *can* respect them for their minds.

JOE

1 **MONSTER MASH:** That's the name of our strip this issue . . . a musical salute to the lighter side of Horror.

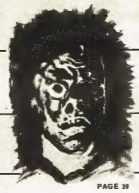
3 **THE ONE, THE ONLY . . . FRANKENSTEIN!** The world's foremost mad medic & his monster get the royal TMT filmbook treatment.

6 **FOUR-COLOR FRANKENSTEIN:** A joint report filed by Richard Kyle & Robert Napier about Frankenstein's comic-book adventures.

10 **REVENGE OF THE MONSTER SCENE:** This edition is given over to some of the Frankenstein Monster's frightening extracurricular activities.

12 **STRANGE GROWLS:** Media man Jack Jones interviews former Frankenstein Monster Glenn Strange, who tells all about the bad old days.

16 **SINISTER CENTERFOLD:** Featuring you-know-who . . . in all his gory glory. And he's not alone . . . !



18 **SOFT-COVER KARLOFF:** News about how you can get your copy of Denis Gifford's long-awaited, info-packed paperback, KARLOFF, THE MAN, THE MONSTER, THE MOVIES.

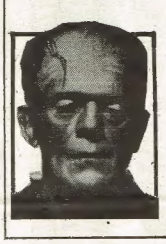
19 **THE REAL CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN:** That's right, there's a REAL one . . . and writer Ron Haydock takes you on a terror tour of same.

20 **DECLINE OF FRANKENSTEIN:** Dave Stidworthy takes you on a sorry ride that follows Frank down the road to ruin and bad flicks.

23 **YOUR COMPLETE FRANKENSTEIN FILMOGRAPHY:** A list-addicts' special . . . the casts & credits of almost every Frankenstein flick ever made.

24 **KEEP ON TICKIN':** The TMT Teletype does . . . with more scary scoops and nefarious news dug up by monster maven Bill Feret.

27 **MONSTER MAIL:** More monstrous missives from those worlds beyond ken where our loyal readers reside.



This issue cover scene—Boris Karloff as FRANKENSTEIN (or hadn't you noticed)—is the handiwork of publisher Larry Brill, who likes to keep his hand in the paper.

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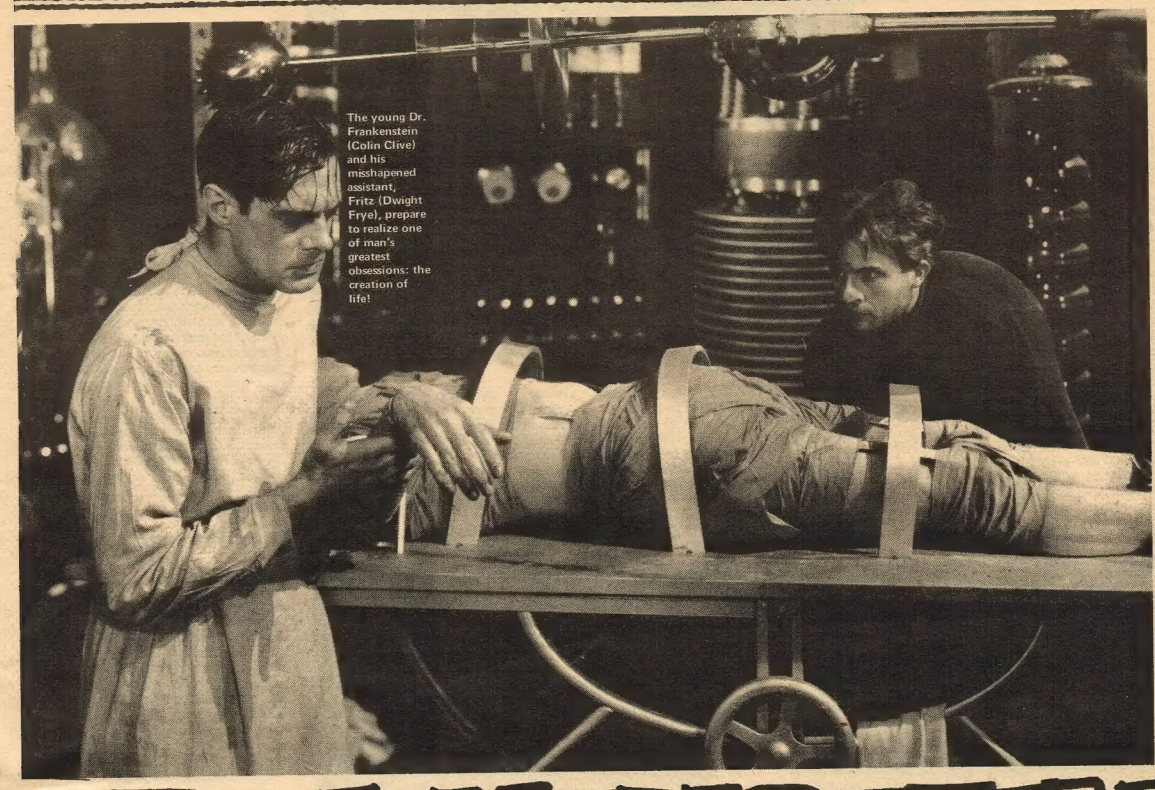


The young Dr. Frankenstein (Colin Clive) and his misshapened assistant, Fritz (Dwight Frye), prepare to realize one of man's greatest obsessions: the creation of life!

FRANKENSTEIN

THE MAN WHO MADE A MONSTER

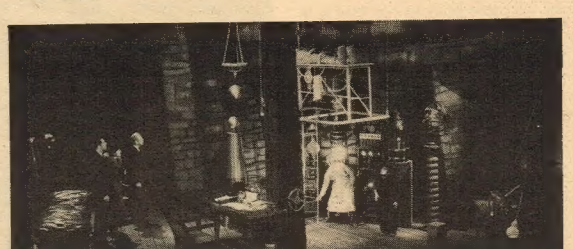
A MONSTER TIMES FILMBOOK by Allan Asherman

What better way could there be to kick off our All-Stalking, All-Lurching, All-Destroying, All-Frankenstein issue than by freeing our eerie expert Allan Asherman from the shackles of silence and chaining him to the trusty TMT typewriter to tell all about the original 1931 FRANKENSTEIN classic? If you can think of better ways, please keep them to yourself as this was designed as a rhetorical question, to be asked and answered by your friendly fiends at TMT. It is only now, after months of research, preparation and recurring nightmares, that our sinister scholar can tell the truth, the whole truth, about . . . FRANKENSTEIN!

In an old stone guard-tower, outside the village of Frankenstein in Eastern Europe, lightning outlined a strange scene. Gathered in a large, skylit room, three people sat waiting and watching, as two other people worked at a feverish pace over a table. On the table was a body wrapped in bandages, covered by cloth, bound in metallic straps and dotted with electrodes . . . a body over seven feet long!

The two who worked over the covered cadaver were exact opposites in appearance. One was a tall, lean man whose eyes blazed with the thirst for knowledge. He had the bearing of one who had enjoyed a comfortable home and exclusive schools. He worked with the skill of a scientific genius, regulating levers, handles and indicators on machines so new in design their functions could only be guessed at. The young man, Henry Frankenstein, didn't have to guess, however, for it was he who built them.

The other, working with him, was small and moved like some twisted spider-monkey. He was hunchbacked and wore old, tattered clothes. His eyes reflected ignorance and fear . . . nothing more. His name was Fritz and he was more like an animal than a man.



The Monster rises to receive the life-giving bolts of lightning as Dr. Frankenstein and friends wait tensely, uncertain of what to expect.

The three who sat waiting were different from each other, too, though in a more normal sort of way.

First came Dr. Waldman. Middle-aged, grayed and questioning. A professor of biology, he was at a complete loss to explain the meaning of the machinery surrounding him. And before the night had passed, he would be more bewildered . . . and frightened . . .than he had ever been before.

Seated near Dr. Waldman was Elizabeth, and next to her was Paul. Paul was Henry's closest friend . . . Elizabeth was Henry's fiance. Because of Henry's recent mysterious behavior, they had appealed to Waldman for help and so they had all found their way to Henry Frankenstein's mountain laboratory to witness a miracle.

A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT

As the storm reached its peak, Henry raced to complete his preparations. He had waited years for this moment and now his triumph would be even greater than he imagined, for his former teacher, who had so often scoffed at his ideas, would see science cross the boundary between life and death.

Waldman could not help thinking of his young pupil's ideas. Henry was the only person he knew with the brilliance to concoct such singular theories. But nothing could possibly come of it all . . . Or could it? Waldman shuddered as he eyed the stiffened body. But it really wasn't a body at all. Only moments before, Henry had described how he had searched cemeteries, gallows and hospitals

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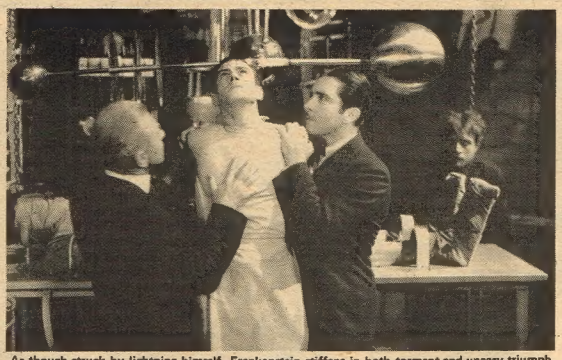

As though struck by lightning himself, Frankenstein stiffens in both torment and uneasy triumph as he learns that . . . the Monster lives!

for limbs and organs. How he had become a collector of the grisly things that had once been part of living, breathing people. He had sewn the best parts together, making a body . . . connecting nerves, tissues and blood-vessels. Sewing arms and legs to torsos. Finding a head and stealing a preserved brain from Waldman's own university. Waldman stared at the jagged scars that connected hand to arm and prayed the experiment would fail.

Elizabeth and Paul were the best off, for they knew so little about what was happening that they simply huddled from the rain that leaked through the roof. They shared no horror, except the horror of worry. Though Henry's wedding day was coming closer and closer, Elizabeth was seeing less and less of him.

Donning a pair of earphones, Henry listened to the forces of electricity, of unknown power that danced through the clouds above their heads. He opened the skylight, and a bolt missed the lab by a fraction of a mile. Hands shot up to protect faces from the cold, and from the fear of heaven. Henry Frankenstein was ready to create life in God's own image. Or maybe the devil's.

a frenzy of activity and tension now, and even before the table was back on the floor, Henry was at the side of the body. His teeth gritted in expectation, he reached out and grabbed a hand of the draped figure. Slowly the stiffened hand flexed first one finger, then the others. It moved at the wrist now, and one could see the figure had started to breathe.

With a whirl, Henry leaped around, facing the others, but looking toward the Death—by Dr. Henry Frankenstein." He felt calmer now that the tensions of the previous work was gone. For days he had studied his creation. Waldman had stayed on to aid in the work, for, though the old doctor did not approve of Henry's line of research, he still possessed the curiosity of a scientist and the loyalty of a great teacher.

Waldman's shadow alerted Henry to his teacher's presence. The old man, who now looked much older, sat and spoke with his former pupil. The creature, Waldman said, was moronic and could be taught nothing. Henry answered by reminding Waldman the synthetic man's brain came from Waldman's own university. The old man started visibly as he told Henry the brain missing from his school was a CRIMINAL brain, lacking the convolutions necessary for normality. Henry dismissed the shock with a shrug. But he wondered if it WOULD make any difference. He had given a creature life. Now he was determined to give him wisdom as well. He would create a mind within his man so that the most skeptical medical men in the world could speak to his creation and acknowledge Henry to be not only the master of life, but of knowledge as well.

What Henry and Waldman did not know was that Fritz, the hunchback, had taught the creature to be a monster. Fritz taught him to fear fire by waving a burning torch in his face. He taught the monster to hate, to want to strike back; to want to kill!

A twisted creature of bitterness and jealousy, Fritz avenges himself by schooling the Monster in naked fear.

THE MONSTER PAYS A CALL

As Henry and Waldman spoke, The Monster pushed Fritz aside and wandered out through the open door of his cell. By the time he had climbed the stairs, his child's mind had forgotten all thoughts of anger. He was now merely curious and so he ambled slowly into Henry's stone study-room. The Monster walked like he was constantly about to fall forward. Just as it appeared as if he would topple from his own weight, he would take another step and remain on his feet.

The creature would have resembled a monster even if he had developed a friendly mind. His great, massive body had to have the strength to stand barrages of electricity and lightning bolts. The feet necessary to give such a huge body balance were extremely massive, square things that had to be contained in monstrous boots with triple-strength soles and heels. Electrodes stood out on legs and wrists. But its face was its most monstrous feature.

Two electrodes stood out from its neck. It's brow-ridge was sewn down to protect the brain within the rebuilt skull. Artificial eyelids were sewn into place and were clumsy and stiff. His complexion was a pale green, his fingernails black. From all outward appearances he was a walking dead man, and a rather hideous one at that.

As The Monster walked into the small room, Waldman cautioned Henry. He was convinced from the beginning the creature was actually a hateful juggernaut of death. Henry commanded the creature to sit down.

BIRTH OF A MONSTER

The heavy table to which the body was strapped had chains attached to its inset rings. The chains went up the full length of the tower and wound down again to end in twin winches. Henry and the dwarfed Fritz began to turn the winches, and the huge table rose slowly into the air. It kept rising until it was silhouetted in the opening of the tower roof. And then it was through and over the top, still rising. It stopped and swayed, and those below watched the clouds and bolts parade around the table that now looked so small.

Henry started up magnetic generators to attract lightning to his experiment. The machines sparked and turned. Other machines were being warmed up, too . . . machines that stored energy and altered it into life-producing radiations.

Then a bolt struck the lightning rod top the roof and bounced to the swaying table. Quickly Henry started the remaining machines, and as they spread sparks across the lab, the table began to descend to the floor. The entire room was sky. His entire figure was stiffened as if he had experienced an electrical shock. As Waldman and Paul grabbed his shoulders, Henry's body struggled to escape their grasp. He appeared as if he would have flown upward if no one was holding him down. His face was moist, his hands cold with icy sweat; his brows were twisted upward. His mouth, seized by some nervous spasticity, told the world over and over that his creature was alive. He had not brought a dead man back to life . . . he had CREATED life, for within the now-living body there had never been any life at all!

THE SECRETS OF LIFE AND DEATH

Henry sat in a corner of the laboratory, in one of the smaller rooms that had been converted to a kind of study. Drawing energy from one of his great generators, he switched on his lamp and began making entries into a notebook. The opening page bore the words . . . "The Secrets of Life and

The doomed creation of Dr. Frankenstein's lust for artifician life is introduced to pain and torment by the cruel Fritz.

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With teetering motions, The Monster obeyed. The time had come now, Henry reasoned, to show The Monster sunlight for the first time. He was curious to see how the creature would react. Henry worked a small winch, and a skylight opened in the room. The light streamed down. Slowly, The Monster saw the ray of light. His eyes followed it upward, past the ceiling and out into the sky. His hands rose into the air as if he were trying to grasp at the light. He sucked in his cheeks with effort, as he tried to rise up off the floor to the freedom of his newfound light and warmth.

He had had enough, Henry reasoned, shutting the light out. The Monster sank back down into his chair and, looking pitifully toward Henry, he held out his hands in a pleading gesture. He wanted more of the outside world. Instead he got more of his torturer Fritz, who suddenly

Seeing sunlight for the first time in his short, unhappy life, the Monster reaches out pathetically for warmth and escape.

Escaping from Fritz's clutches, the Monster wanders into Dr. Frankenstein's study.

burst into the room. As The Monster cowered from his waving torch, Fritz walked toward the poor creature and shook the fire in his face. With an exclamation of rage, he started toward Fritz and probably would have killed him right there, had Fritz not left the room while Henry stood between him and The Monster. And he would have to be guarded constantly until he learned right from wrong. It was not too long after that when it happened. As Henry and Waldman discussed the future of the synthetic man, a piercing scream of terror and agony sliced the air!

DWARF OFFED

Racing down the long, stone stairway, the two came upon a terrible sight. The door to The Monster's cell was open. Within, by the flickering light of a torch that burned on the floor, could be seen two figures. The first belonged to The Monster. He looked bigger than ever before, and much more ferocious. His mouth was slanted into an evil, sadistic grin, yet his face bore no expression of triumph. He was filled with nothing but hatred. He moved quickly, fussing with a whip, the one that Fritz had used on numerous occasions. Now it was fixed to the ceiling like a hangman's rope . . . and strangled in the thin end of the whip was the small, twisted body of Fritz the dwarf. He was hanging, quite still, turning slowly from side to side. He was dead . . . and The Monster had murdered him.

As The Monster became aware of the presence of Henry and Waldman, a new rage came over him. He hated everyone now . . . all the strange creatures who were weaker than himself and who had brought him out of his sleep to torment him. He wanted to kill them all and, with his eyes narrowed in anger, he came toward them both. They fled from the room and grabbed at the heavy iron door, straining to press it shut as The Monster tried to open it. Fortunately, leverage was on their side, and they succeeded in keeping the beast at bay.

Waldman who had never been through anything like that moment of sheer terror before, urged Henry to act . . . to kill his hideous creation before it was too late. Henry, his convictions softened by the death of poor Fritz, relented. He slowly gathered his balance and retreated to his lab to get the necessary drugs. He prepared a hypodermic with a solution powerful enough to knock out a regiment of soldiers and ran back down the stairs to where Waldman was sitting, exhaling the last of his fear.

A NEEDLE FOR THE MONSTER

Waldman took the needle and crept silently behind the heavy door. Henry took a torch. Waldman, on a signal from his pupil, opened the door. The Monster heard the bolt click open and swung the door heavily against the stone wall. It almost fell from its hinges from the impact, and before the echo had died away The Monster's hideous face could be seen making its way purposefully towards its creator . . . to kill him.

Henry waved the torch in The Monster's face, but he was not fast enough to reckon with the super-human reflexes his harnessed radiations had created. He was caught by surprise, and The Monster waved the torch away before he began to choke Henry's life away. But old Waldman was equally quick. He got behind the creature and, supporting his weight on the thing's shoulder, drove his hypodermic into The Monster's neck. For an instant nothing happened. Then the creature's artificial eyelids started to convulse. They closed with a quick twitching, as The Monster let out a small gasp, tried to grasp at the light that was vanishing from his eyes, and fell forward in a drugged faint.

The half-choked Henry clutched his injured throat and looked up at Waldman, whose eyes were still wide from exertion. Silently the two agreed The Monster would soon be no more.

Later, over a cup of warming wine, Waldman told Henry to return to his comfortable home, and upcoming wedding. Remembering his beloved Elizabeth, as beautiful as his monster was ugly, made Henry agree instantly. But what of the creature? Waldman would stay and take care of everything . . . Good old Waldman!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE . . . .

Back home at his lavishly-furnished castle, Henry Frankenstein was a changed man. Welcomed by his aged father, the Baron, and respected by everyone, he was thought of so highly that even the servants had pooled their meager earnings to buy him tokens of their esteem.

He smiled again for the first time in many months. Elizabeth smiled with him, and his friend Paul was happy to see things returning to their normal state. All was well within the House of Frankenstein.

Then a cloud passed over Henry's happy face and his smile vanished.

Continued on page 29

Dr. Frankenstein and Waldman catch the Monster in his first act of revenge, the grotesque lynching of the sadistic Fritz.

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FRANKENSTEIN IN THE COMICS

Don't be scared by this Dick Briefer cover for FRANKENSTEIN number 1 (May, 1954), published by the now-defunct Prize comic group.

Adapting Frankenstein to the comic format has been a horror! No less than a half dozen comic companies, and dozens of writers and artists have tried to mold the beast into the four color medium. Few have been successful. None have ever been acclaimed. It seems that Frankenstein just doesn't blend well with the items needed for a successful comic book.

THE MONSTER TIMES now brings you TWO reports on the Frankenstein monster's career in comic books. The first report is by Richard Kyle, and elaborates on the Frankenstein adaptions that are no longer with us. This article originally appeared in FANTASTIC MONSTERS and is well-researched and quite accurate.

Our second report, by TMT's fanzine reviewer, Bob Napier, reports on the three recent adaptations of Frankenstein. And while the final verdict on these recent adaptations is not yet in, initial sales figures indicate that old Frank may well have made it in the comic medium. National Periodicals Frankenstein is blooming in PHANTOM STRANGER comics and Marvel's Frankenstein has his own book. Skywald's Frankenstein is still plugging away as a back up feature in PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE.

Without any further ado, here is TMT's comprehensive analysis of Frankenstein in the comics . . . .

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS CLEOPATRA

by Richard Kyle

How does that grab you?

Well, a few years ago—back in 1948—you could have seen it, and in color, too. It co-starred Moish the Mummy. You've heard of him. About the same time, you could have dropped in one evening at Awful Annie's while a happy-go-lucky Monster belted a little *bat brew* with the old witch. Or maybe you'd have journeyed with the Frankenstein Monster to the Wild West where he shot it out with the local heavy and made the countryside safe for decent folks. Or been in the crowd the day the city unveiled a statue to him because of his outstanding personality and kindly humanitarianism.

You could have seen all this, really.

Not in a movie, of course, or a book—but in the pages of one of the nuttiest, waaaay out comic magazines ever published, **FRANKENSTEIN.**

And would you like to thrill as an evil, hating, incredibly powerful Frankenstein Monster struggles against a horde of the undead, or robs the grave of its victims, or fights to the death a great white werewolf, or takes as a mate a female monster as evil and hating and cruel as the Monster himself?

You could have seen that, too, just a couple of years later—and in the pages of the same magazine, drawn by the same artist, and published by the same Prize Comics Group.

The Frankenstein Monster's comic book adventures started in 1946 when the Monster with the "outstanding personality and kindly humanitarianism" was invented. The scientist who did the job was sort of slap-dash about his work (*he got the Monster's nose on above his eyes*) and pretty careless with explosives (*he managed to blow himself up*) but all-in-all he must have been okay because Frankenstein (*the scientist named his Monster after the book, and made the*

Here is some more art from the Prize Comics' Frankenstein. Not only does Frankenstein adopt (and then lose) a pet dinosaur (left) in FRANKENSTEIN No. 5, he meets the famous horror actor Boris Karload in Frankenstein No. 11 (far right).

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same mistake a lot of other people have) had a heart of gold that was as big as all outdoors. He was kind of simple-minded, too, but you can't win 'em all.

FRIENDLY FRANKENSTEIN

After his inventor was blown to smithereens, Frankenstein went to live in an old house down by the cemetery. He was a friendly guy and pretty soon he got to know all the ghouls and vampires and werewolves and witches in the neighborhood. He had a pet spider, and in fact, there wasn't much of anything he didn't like. One day a couple of kids came by while he was building something in his workshop, and they asked him if it was a bird house. "Nope," he said, "a *rat* house. Lots of bird houses around. Not enough rat houses."

Like everybody else, he had to have money to keep the bacon and eggs coming in (*Franky cooked his over a Bunsen burner*), and so he had quite a few jobs. Once he was president of the Institute for the Rehabilitation of Maladjusted Ghosts. And a little while later he ran a drug store, with Awful Annie, the witch, filling in for the pharmacist. While he was a laboratory assistant, he fought a giant chicken liver that threatened to conquer the world. And in the last days of radio, he played the most fearsome monster of them all, the Booo, but the public got tired of him because they thought he was a phony.

After work, he met a lot of interesting people. Micha Goss, for one. Micha didn't have a head, and his marriage was going down the drain until Franky introduced him to Harry Shortenbred, who had a head but no body to go with it. And then there was Zara, who was a good vampire, sorta, a baby-sitter out of Awful Annie's Babysitting Agency. And Chester Demihoss, half man and half horse, a centaur down on his luck. Franky even met Boris Karload, the famous movie Master of Horror, and accidentally scared the daylights out of the poor fellow.

In the winter of 1948, Franky decided to take Moish the Mummy home to Egypt. Moish had his own room in Frankenstein's house, with sand all over the floor and a stuffed camel standing in the shade of a potted palm and a miniature pyramid sitting back in one corner, but he was homesick.

All the ghouls and vampires came town to see Moish off. Harris, the ghoul, patted him on his shoulder wrappings and said, "So long, Moish! Be careful you don't get sunstroke!"

"All set, Moish?" said Franky when the boat docked. "We're in Egypt, land of the pyramids, the sphinx, and the Nile. Feel better?"

"I should hope to kiss a camel!" said Moish.

But they had an unnerving experience with a movie company making a Cleopatra picture—and who can blame them?—so Moish decided America was the place for him. Egypt was a nice place to visit, but he didn't want to be dead there.

A TURN FOR THE WORSE

Then, probably the only comic book in history with a split personality, **FRANKENSTEIN** came down with schizophrenia. Artist Dick Briefer—after a slight pause for retooling—turned his pen from the wild little cartoons of Franky and his weirdo friends to a serious and horrifying portrayal of the modern-day adventures of the Monster from Mary Shelley's terrifying, century-old novel, **FRANKENSTEIN**.

Gone now was every vestige of humor. Scarred, broken-toothed, scowling—unutterably hideous—the Monster's colossal, hate-filled body

shambled across the world, killing, maiming, destroying. Born to death, he had no love for life; agonized by the unending artificial existence his creator had forced upon him, he was driven to a ferocity and cruelty beyond that of any beast.

And yet, somewhere, within him, there was a love of beauty. And a need for a companion, someone like himself.

Once, a scientist gave him that companion, a monster-woman, and although she was as cruel as he—and even more mad, perhaps—he grew to love her. But in the end, the scientist, insane himself, destroyed her. The Monster befriended a blinded circus giantess, and a mob slew her. He captured a beautiful woman, and in anger, when he saw she only feared him, he almost killed her. The world would not let him have love and he could not take it; he could only revenge himself upon the universe that bound him. And he was hunted by men with a viciousness as fierce as his own.

He prowled the earth, riddled by bullets, seared by flame, maimed by iron-jawed animal traps, attacked by the creatures of the next world as well as this, enslaved by grave robbers and greedy showmen—and yet he always gave back more than he got. He was hate and revenge and power eternal.

Or almost eternal, for in 1954 he died. A censorship board was formed then, the Comics Code Authority (*see TMT 10 for other CCA atrocities—Ed.*), to control the content of comic magazines. It outlawed all horror stories, even ones based upon an acknowledged classic of world literature.

Considering all the indignities old Frankenstein has suffered in the comic format, you'd have thought that at least Dell would keep their hands off him. They didn't, and the monster suffered still another indignity, as shown here.

Who says Classic Comics only has goody-goody comics? We do! If you've ever seen an antiseptic Frankenstein, this is it. Drawn by Norm Saunders for the 1969 comic version of the Shelley novel, he somehow has developed Chinese traits. Boris, where are you?

FRANKENSTEIN IN FOUR COLORS

by Robert S. Napier

When I heard Frankenstein's Monster was going to be adapted for comic books I wondered if it would work. The Frankenstein story I knew was low-key, subtle horror that lanced from within, chilling the stomach long before the eyes decided to dilate. The operative word for the Monster's story was suspense, whereas comics deal in straight action. My Monster lumbered over bleak European landscapes through lazy wisps of fog, an image of suffering and self-loathing. He was the cherished memory of Karloff in scuffed construction boots, tattered flannel pants, an ill-fitting Robert Hall sportscoat and two half-inch bolts bookending his neck. I wondered if this hodgepodge of midnight requisitions in the recycled Goodwill attire could succeed in a medium that stressed tight costumes and anatomical stress. Further, I was dubious about a single novel being restructured for serialization. Once the original premise and plot had been digested, after all, there was nothing left but to fake it.

This Todd/Atkins Frankenstein gets the TMT award as worst looking Frank ever. He appears in PSYCHO, published by Skywald Comics . . . lousy!

SKYWALD'S THE LIMIT

The first of the modern publishers to dip into this till of public domain and fake it was **SKYWALD**. In the May, Sept., Nov., 1971 and May, 1972 issues of **PSYCHO** runs a continuing tale of the ghastly giant in which he scampers all over Europe meeting one abomination after the next. First he pulls a turnabout on his creator, reviving a deceased Victor Frankenstein to life, then joins a traveling freak show where he is drugged and exhibited *a la* King Kong in Paris. He breaks away from that to be confronted by Quasimodo (*The Hunchback of Notre*

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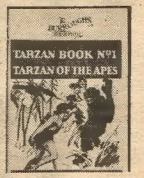

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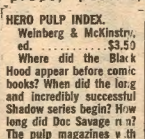

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WHAT IN THE WORLD--?
FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, GENTLEMEN--
PIECED TOGETHER FROM THE FLESH AND BONE OF DEAD MEN... AND DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S ORIGINAL FORMULA.

This here fellow in the background is National Comics' Frankenstein as drawn by Mike Kaluta. Like his Marvel counterpart (below), National's monster can be called Frankenstein, but he cannot look like the Karloff version. This Frankenstein exists in 1973, having been preserved in ice and discovered in PHANTOM STRANGER comics, where he now appears.

Dame), ends up in a sewer where Le Suub, a Heapish octopus, becomes the big menace. From there he escapes into the clutches of The Phantom of the Opera only to be extracted through the good graces of a time warp. What happens next is anybody's guess as I never saw another issue.

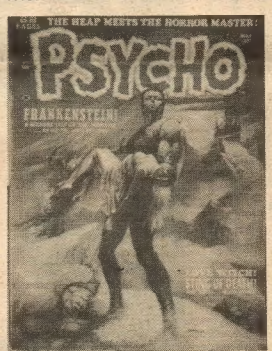
The only good thing I can say about this **SKYWALD** magazine is they never tried to be anything but pure horror. There was rarely a light moment and nearly every panel was as grotesque as it could be. It was no triumph of comic literature or art, but anyone who likes this kind of incessant assault of the grisly, gross and gruesome can check out a dealer's list and see how much they're burning people for these books nowadays.

But one reason **SKYWALD** got away with being—shall we say, earthy?—was the fact that they were black and white magazines selling for upwards of half-a-buck. As such, they didn't have to contend with the omnipresent Comics Code—like **MARVEL** and **NATIONAL** must. So let's see what these folks did in their modified handcuffs.

MARVEL STRIKES FIRST

MARVEL struck first with The Monster of Frankenstein #1 (*Jan. '73*) and followed up with number two dated March '73. Their openers served a twofold purpose: First, to recap the original novel, and; Second, to update the events and introduce new characters to act as foils for the Monster. In doing so they have created a new look that just may turn off some purists out there who won't accept anything short of the Universal concoction. For one thing, the Monster has a pretty good physique, like all superheroes. For another, he speaks very correct English, unlike most of us. His scars are cursory and his sorrows and hatreds give him that "house look" that **MARVEL** employs from combat books to cowboys. Not that there's anything intrinsically wrong with the look but other comic characters wear it better; perhaps because they don't have a prior reputation to live up to.

To recap the mechanics of these new adventures we open up in the frozen Arctic with Robert Walton IV, great-grandson of the last man to see the Monster alive. The year is 1898 and Walton is leading a surly crew of wharf rats and sea scum on an expedition to recover the Monster who is, naturally,



A good cover by Boris on this ish of PSYCHO, but lousy insides by Todd and Adkins.

frozen in ice. Driven by some secret inner torments, Walton manages to grab the giant in an icy cocoon and return to the ship, but bad luck follows him everywhere. Mutinies abound on the old bounty main, fire breaks out in the hold and the ice looses its hold on our horrid hero. Walton faces the double dilemma of his insurgent sailors and the escaped enigma, who managed to cop a cabin boy while gung-hoing through the gangway and ends up nesting in the netting. They mince through a Mexican standoff until a menacing monsoon puts a damp damper on the whole damn deal. Up Music, Roll Credits, To Be Continued.

DC FRANKENSTEIN

The last on our list of recent Frankenstein reincarnations comes from National Periodicals, commonly known as DC. They bring everything right up to today in The Phantom Stranger #23 (*Feb. '73*) when the Monster goes to the back of the book to merge with a sagging Dr. Thirteen, The Ghost Breaker. Now relegated to a back-up feature, he still finds himself in the traditional ice-enshrouded tuxedo until he's rescued by a college professor called Victor. Victor is a young man with a young wife and is friendly with the young couple, Dr. & Mrs. Thirteen. So one day when the Thirteens are visiting, Victor is in his basement lab shooting laser beams at the Monster hoping to reprise him for yet one more story. A chain reaction of events are set off when lightning strikes the laser killing Victor and Victor falls on the laser causing the beam to zap Mrs. Thirteen as she walks in the door. While she is knocked cold, the Monster comes to life just in time for Mrs. Victor and Dr. Thirteen to erringly surmise he was responsible for the destruction they see. The roof literally falls down on everything but Mrs. V, Dr. T, and the near dead Mrs. T manage to escape while the accommodating giant holds up the ceiling for those precious few moments so dear to all cliffhangers. For a while it's hard to tell if they've excavated Frankenstein's Monster or Big Bad John but when the final curtain is drawn the doctor swears revenge on what's-his-face while his wife lies in a coma, her life in doubt. A very slow and unspectacular start or finish for all concerned.

What may be more important than how good or bad these magazines are, however, is the fact that they simply exist. Remember the Comics Code I mentioned earlier? Let me quote a provision of that code adopted Oct. 26, 1954: (*General Standards, Part B #5*) "Scenes dealing with, or instruments associated with walking dead, torture, vampires or vampirism, ghouls, cannibalism and werewolfism are prohibited."

What it boiled down to was that monsters of all stripes weren't allowed to appear in comic books. This rule held fast until about two years ago when it, as well as a few other provisions of the Code, were either deleted or revised. We may now enjoy monsters in the comics as long as they are dealt with in a classical manner.

It is because of this ruling that a rash of new titles have been appearing featuring our favorite fanged and fearsome fiends. Titles like Tomb of Dracula, Werewolf By Night, Swamp Thing and a dozen others have broken the ground on a movement that seems to steer completely away from the old mold of the superheroes and World War II knuckle squads. That is, they *seem* to be a new phenomenon but they really aren't.

SAME LAME SCENE

Instead, monsters are merely filling the ranks of those who strangled in their body suits. They're doing the same things the superheroes were doing only their powers are developed along different lines. No longer do they come from Krypton but from crypts. But otherwise, for all intents and purposes, they're just ugly superheroes. The stories are the familiar vehicles, and the problems are as unsolvable as Spiderman's have been for the past decade.

In order for the monsters in the comics to look, feel and act like the hairies and hellspawn they are, they're going to have to be presented in a format different than the one used for the superheroes. The two—monsters and heroes—are different kinds of animals and they don't look right wearing a common uniform.

Frankenstein's Monster and others in comic books? Well, yes . . . just don't read 'em too closely. ■

Contestant number 44 in the FRANKENSTEIN COMICS LOOK ALIKE CONTEST is Marvel's Frankenstein. He's got his own comic, called THE MONSTER OF FRANKENSTEIN, but as you surely notice, he doesn't look a bit like Boris Karloff. That's because the Karloff Frankenstein is protected by copyright laws, but the Frankenstein character isn't.

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A famous monster once said: "What this country needs is a good $1.95 monster book. Well, finally, in answer to that famous monster's cry is the J.B. Lippincott Company, with not one book, but three $1.95 monster books.

The first is **MONSTERS FROM THE MOVIES** by Thomas G. Aylesworth. MFTM is 160 pages loaded with great pictures and tremendous text. It's a ghoulish survey of all the monster movies we have known and loved: Frankenstein, Wolfman, Dracula, Dr. Cyclops and dozens of others. We know you'll want to put this one under your pillow at night. It's that good.

The second new book is **MUMMIES** by Georgess McHarque. It's also 160 pages and has fine pictures and informative text. **MUMMIES** is a simply written survey of the legend **MUMMIES**' their origin and history and even their present and future state. Any true monster or horror fan should have this book on their monster shelf.

The third and newest book in the series is **POLT ERGEISTS** by David C. Knight. We bet you don't even know what a Poltergeist is, right? Well, simply, a poltergeist is a very noise ghost. They've been haunting houses, scaring people in cities and towns for centuries, and now there is a study of them. This 160 page book is filled with pictures of history's famous haunted houses, and the text is interesting and lively.

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KARLOFF—the most famous horror actor of all time. The man whose unforgettable portrayal of the Frankenstein monster thrust a new word into the American dictionary. Karloff—the man who has been scaring people out of their minds for years.

And now, at long last, there is a biography of Boris Karloff. It's the first and only one and it's filled with tons of valuable information about the gentle man whose screen image was that of a blood-thirsty, deprayed creature. There was only one Boris Karloff.

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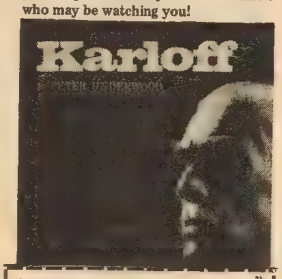

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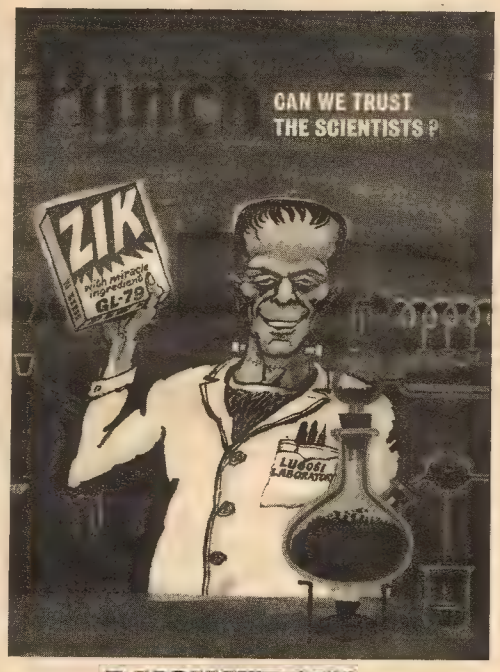
THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER SCENE

As all our loyal Monster Scene readers already know, monsters have been ruthlessly employed in recent years to sell everything from cars to mouthwashes, and our friend the Frankenstein Monster has not escaped this fate either. Here are a few examples of Mad Ave's and other $-oriented outfits' attempts to raise the dead for bread. . . .



A MONSTROUS ENDORSEMENT

On the cover of the April 12-18, 1972 issue of PUNCH, the British humor magazine, the Monster was used to satirize not only the ad industry but the ways and means of the very real mad scientists who ultimately control a great deal of our collective fate. Here the Monster is depicted as a scientist at the "Lugosi Laboratory" endorsing a box of "Zik" detergent to illustrate an article called "Can We Trust the Scientists?" which takes some powerful PUNCH pokes at the sanctimonious stance taken by many scientists. ■

MONSTERS IN VOGUE

A more formidable Frankenstein Monster has well-dressed lady eating out of the palm of his paw in a photo that appeared in the June '72 issue of VOGUE as part of that publication's Fashion In Hollywood feature. The next place we'll see our favorite fiend will no doubt be in a COSMOPOLITAN centerfold, clad only in a pair of mod electrodes. ■

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MAO & THE MONSTER

In a plug for good will, a Chinese table tennis player is waylaid by one of America's most venerable institutions, the Frankenstein Monster, during a tour of Hollywood's Universal Studios. If they didn't go to the Monster, the Chinese felt, the Monster would just come to them anyway . . . as was evidenced by R.M. Nixon's China junket several months back. This photo originally appeared in the NEW YORK POST. ■

MOD MONSTER

While The Monster has always enjoyed a reputation for good fits, it has generally been for *throwing* them. In this ad for UNIQUE Slacks 'N' Jeans appearing in the May-June 1972 issue of BOUTIQUE FASHIONS, the Monster, suffering from a severe lapse of taste, has traded in his characteristic ragged Gothic garb for a turtleneck & a pair of bells. Hopelessly compromised by the times, this rather docile-looking Frankenstein Monster seems to be more interested in "relating" to the lady at his side than abducting her in healthy monster style. Oh well, time passes and men mellow . . . and maybe monster do, too. ■

MONSTER TAKES OFF

The Monster even had a whole article devoted to his celluloid exploits in National Airlines' in-flight magazine, ALOFT. Written by Frederick John and entitled THE FRANKENSTEIN SAGA, the article, while maybe not up to TMT standards, was a fairly creditable piece, and definitely an ideal way to pass the time while perilously circling for hours over a densely fogged airport. Better than having your whole life flash before your eyes, at least. ■

MONSTER ON ICE

This is how the Monster looked in a recent television commercial pushing BIC pens. In this one, the Monster (portrayed by actor Josip Elec) chops his way out of an ice block with a 19¢ BIC pen, looks at the pen for a moment with an expression of intense concentration, then begins to write. A voice-over announcer reads what the Monster is writing: "Dear BIC, you're probably not going to believe this but . . . " The 30-second spot was shot, incidentally, at the Knickerbocker Ice Company in Brooklyn where the temperature was a sub-freezing 19 degrees. The make-up took some four hours to apply and the commercial required a team of about 5 Mad Ave brainkinder to create. So much for so little, you say? 'Tis true, but alas . . . such is the way of the world, no? ■

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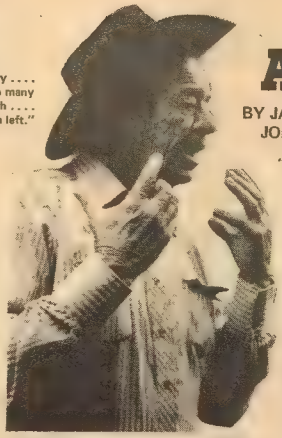
"You know, sometimes it's scary .... I get to thinking about so many of the old-timers that I worked with .... and there just aren't any of them left."



"Well, Lou wasn't going to stand on anybody's mark so when I rammed my fist through the balsa cut-out, I hit him right in the nose."

A STRANGE INTERVIEW

BY JACK JONES

"BOO ... I BECAME THE MONSTER"

When Boris Karloff decided to vacate those outsized monster boots for good, Universal Pictures frantically searched for the right actor to fill them. They gave Lon Chaney Jr. a chance, and Bela Lugosi, but finally settled on a then fairly obscure character actor named Glenn Strange. Glenn Strange might still be fairly obscure to most people, but to horror film fans he remains a celebrity of the first order. Jack Jones, production photographer for WCCO-TV, a CBS affiliate in Minneapolis, talked with Glenn about his monster movie career and his is a Strange story indeed, as you will see below ....

The Frankenstein Monster has come to be recognized by most horror-film buffs as the grand-daddy of all screen monsters. He is *not* the first monster to have appeared in a motion picture, but there is no doubt that when FRANKENSTEIN was released in 1931 that the character would have a lasting effect on the horror film.

Boris Karloff has become synonymous with the name Frankenstein, much like Lon Chaney, Jr. is Larry Talbot, the Wolfman .... and Bela Lugosi is Dracula. Karloff appeared as the monster in the first films of the Universal series ... FRANKENSTEIN, (1931), THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. (1935), and finally THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. (1939).

When Universal Pictures released THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN in 1942, Lon Chaney, Jr. assumed the role of the monster after Karloff had declined. Then, a year later, Bela Lugosi became the misshapened creature in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN. It would have been a little difficult for Chaney to be the monster in that film, since he was busy trying to do away with the monster while playing the Wolfman.

When Universal was casting for THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, they needed a new actor to portray the monster. In fact, they needed several new actors ... and they got them. Boris Karloff played Dr. Niemann, assisted by Daniel the hunchback, played by J. Carrol Naish. Lon Chaney, Jr. returned as Larry Talbot and John Carradine was cast as Dracula.

During this same period Jack Pierce was busy doing make-up on a picture with Yvonne DeCarlo and one day he was assigned to put a scar down the face of character actor Glenn Strange. According to Glenn, Pierce stopped what he was doing, and went to the phone, called the producer of HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and said, "I've got the man to play the monster if you want him."

A STRANGE ROLE

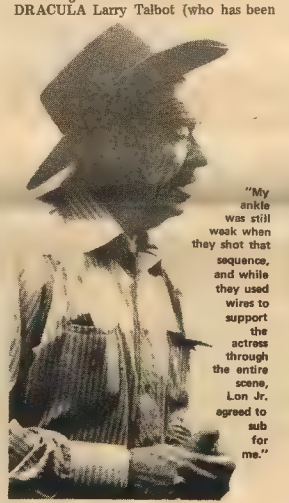
Glenn made a screen test for the part, and as he says, "Boo ... I became the Monster." Actually, in the picture he spends most of his time lying on a cot being cared for by Karloff ... who plans to replace his brain ... what else?

Near the end of the film Karloff brings him to full power and even the most skeptical movie critic would have to agree that Strange was a good choice for the role of the monster. In real life Glenn is a large man, and with the added height of the shoes he wore in the picture, he was very convincing, indeed. He was so convincing, in fact, that later that same year. (1945) Universal made yet another sequel to the series, released as THE HOUSE OF DRACULA ... and Glenn returned as the Monster.

This time Onslow Stevens plays the doctor who brings him back to life ... but with a new twist. Dracula has tainted the blood of the good doctor with some of his own ... and the doctor wants the Monster alive for only one thing ... to kill. Again Universal assembled a good cast to bring off the resulting screen thrills and chills. Carradine was back as Dracula ... along with Chaney as Larry Talbot. The new hunchback was a lady! Played by Jane Adams, and Martha Driscoll supplied the romantic interest for both Dracula and Larry Talbot. Again, as in the case of HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Glenn's screen time was quite limited. He is found by Stevens about half-way through the picture and really appears in full monster form only near the end of the film.

This was one of the disadvantages of the multiple-monster film of this period ... no one character had much actual screen time. At any rate, Glenn again proved that he could handle the role.

During the climax of HOUSE OF DRACULA Larry Talbot (who has been cured of his Lycanthropy) shoots the doctor while he is bringing the monster back to life. Glenn breaks himself loose from the table and bends over the dead body of Stevens. When he realizes that the doctor is dead, he straightens up and gives Lon Chaney, Jr. a look that would scare the hardiest of moviegoers.



"My ankle was still weak when they shot that sequence, and while they used wires to support the actress through the entire scene, Lon Jr. agreed to sub for me."

It is at this time that he chases Chaney around the laboratory and the usual chemical fire is started and burns up the monster.

But Glenn Strange wasn't through with the Frankenstein monster yet! In 1948 Universal brought their screen monsters together for one last reunion in ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.

For some unknown reason Bela Lugosi returned as Dracula, a role he hadn't played since the 1930's. This time the so-called mad scientist was a beautiful lady named Lenore Aubert. And of course Larry Talbot was back ... played by Chaney and again for some unknown reason became the Wolfman when the moon was full. *(He had been cured of the malady in the previous film.)*

As pointed out so well in TMT, you would have to go a long way to find a better atmospheric film than this one. The director, Charles Barton, was constantly adding just the right amount of technical know-how to each scene to enhance the acting.

Bella Lugosi never looked better health-wise and the entire cast seemed to enjoy their work. The film was not without its serious moments, so overall the work would have to be considered a pretty good picture. While it is true that the two zanies acted out their brand of slapstick against a background of horror, most fans of the genre agree that the horror aspects were stronger.

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT, STRANGE

Glenn Strange is now busy in another acting capacity: He draws the beer at the Long Branch saloon on the television show GUNSMOKE. During the off-season when the cameras are quiet, he and other members of the GUNSMOKE cast are busy with personal appearances ... mostly at rodeos. Ken Curtis, who plays Festus on the series, and Milburn Stone, who plays Doc, are a song and dance team. They appear at many rodeos during the summer hiatus.

Glenn Strange and Buck Taylor (*who plays Newly O'Brien*) have an act that they put on at various rodeos around the country. A few months ago they were in the Twin Cities (*Minneapolis-St. Paul*) for promotional purposes when they appeared at a rodeo in Spooner, Wisconsin.

I met Glenn for the first time when he was at WCCO-TV to make promotional tapes about the GUNSMOKE series. When he learned that I was a horror-film nut he insisted that time be set aside for the two of us to chat. The hour or so I visited with him turned out to be one of the highlights of my life.

I was 11 years old when I first saw this man on the screen as the Frankenstein Monster. Being a monster lover since I was old enough to go to the movies by myself, I was naturally impressed by the thought of even getting to meet him, much less doing an interview.

I wouldn't want to dispel any ideas that some of his fans might have of him after seeing him playing the monster, but in real life he is one of the gentlest people I have ever met. What surprised me the most was the way his eyes lit up when we talked about the monster. He spent a good deal of time with Boris Karloff discussing the role and he admits that Karloff helped him immeasurably in THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

He spoke very respectfully of Karloff and called him one of the most sincere actors he had ever worked with. He mentioned a picture Karloff was in back in 1932 called THE GUILTY GENERATION. (*Glenn was also in the cast.*) He said a young actor named Robert Young had just come out of the Pasadena Playhouse and played Karloff's son in the film. Glenn quoted Young as saying, "I was so scared ... to have faced that camera." (*Young is famous today as TV's Marcus Welby.*)

I asked him about the personality of Bela Lugosi and he said that the Hungarian actor was altogether different from most actors he had worked with. "He was very hard to get acquainted with, but yet he was very sincere." Glenn said that Lugosi didn't like it when Abbott and Costello clowned around on the set of ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.

A STRANGE SENSE OF HUMOR

A couple of incidents occurred during the filming with Abbott and Costello that Glenn now looks back on with laughter.

Glenn gets some discipline lessons from stock madman George Zucco in PRC's 1941 THE MAD MONSTER, Mr. Strange's first horror film appearance.

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The Monster's been kept pretty busy over the years . . . but beware, He always has a little time to kill!

Glenn in his glory days as one of the screen's most ferocious Frankenstein Monsters. Like most horror film stars, though, the real Mr. Strange is a gentle, personable sort.

He mentioned the scene where the monster rams his fist through the door and decks Costello just before the door comes down on top of the rotund little guy.

Glenn said, "They marked places on the floor for Bud and Lou to stand on so there would be room for my fist to miss them both. Well, Lou wasn't going to stand on anybody's mark so when I rammed my fist through the balsa cut-out, I hit him right in the nose. You can actually see it in the finished scene. The director left it intact."

Earlier in the film Lou Costello is acting like a was dummy in a chamber of horrors exhibit. When Dracula and the Monster walk past him, the monster gives Costello a double take and shies away from him.

"This was his idea . . . that I don't pay any attention to the cutting off of the heads, or these hideous looking things, (*in the other was exhibits*) but once I see him . . . uhhhh!! That was his idea . . . he was a sharp little guy."

Glenn also told me that Costello surprised him one day by asking if he had ever jumped a horse off a building into a redwood tank at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When Glenn said that he had done the stunt while working on a western picture, Costello said he helped to build the tank . . . he was a common laborer at that time!!

I asked Glenn how he felt about having outlived so many of the horror film stars . . . Karloff, Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, George Zucco and others. He said, "You know, sometimes it's scary. And I get to thinking about so many of the old-timers that I worked with . . . and there just aren't any of them left. They're just gone. The Lord's been good to me."

Being the monster wasn't always fun for Glenn. During the shooting of HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN he nearly suffocated. According to the story, Dr. Niemann tries to thaw the Monster out by putting him in a glass-like enclosure and filling it with steam. Glenn said the air hose that kept him alive became clogged and things got a little sticky before the crew discovered what had happened.

Another time he stepped on a camera cable while wearing the large shoes of the monster and twisted his ankle.

Glenn gets down to business in a scene from Universal's HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. "I love working," says Glenn, "and I've been lucky to have worked with so many grand people."

In the scene near the end of ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN, where the monster throws Lenore Aubert through the laboratory window, it was really Lon Chaney, Jr. who was in the monster make-up. "My ankle was still weak when they shot that sequence," said Glenn, "and while they used wires to support the actress through the entire scene, Lon Jr. agreed to sub for me."

THE UNSINKABLE MR. STRANGE

In 1949 Glenn worked with Bela Lugosi in another horror-comedy called THE MASTER MINDS. This time it was the Bowery Boys who bounced their brand of mayhem off the indomitable Mr. Strange . . . who played the role of Atlas. Lugosi was the usual mad scientist with plans to put Satch's (*Huntz Hall*) brain into Glenn's body. By this time the monster craze had just about run its course and the serious horror films were growing few in number.

Glenn did play a monster once before in 1942 in a low-budget PRC product called THE MAD MONSTER. George Zucco was the stock mad doctor and Glenn played a wolf-man type character.

Today the Long Branch saloon seems a long way from the gloomy horror-film sets that once sat on Universal's back-lot. In looking over various stills from his pictures, it was interesting to hear Glenn say, "That scene was shot near so-and-so, or they built that set by such-and-such."

The popularity of horror films tapered off significantly in the early 50's and Hollywood found other kinds of films to grind out. Television became basically responsible for the new cycle which started around 1957. It was at this time that Universal Pictures released to TV a 'package' of their better horror films, including most of the Frankenstein pictures.

Universal called them their "Shock" package and television stations all over the country began to buy the rights to show the films . . . usually on Friday and Saturday nights at midnight . . . and usually hosted by some weird character who introduced the show. Another group of horror films was released a year or so later called "The Son of Shock" . . . and this new exposure of the older and better horror films prompted producers to reassess the box-office potential of the horror film.

STRANGE COMEBACK

What happened in the late 50's is now history, but actors like Glenn Strange suddenly found themselves popular once again. (Not necessarily in new films so much as with the flood of horror film magazines and other publications that cropped up at that time.)

Meanwhile for Glenn the role of Sam the bartender on GUNSMOKE came along and he jumped at the chance to take it. As Glenn says, "I love working . . . and I've been lucky to have worked with so many grand people in this business." Fans of Glenn Strange will be glad to know that he is one of the friendliest people in Hollywood. He likes people very much and he likes to talk about his days as a monster.

The hour or so I spent with him will always be one of the brightest spots in my broadcasting career. During the past 16 years I have photographed literally dozens of movie stars, but none of them compare with Glenn Strange!!!

He is really some kind of actor . . . and one we won't forget. ■

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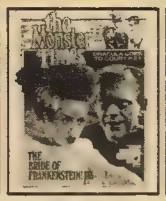

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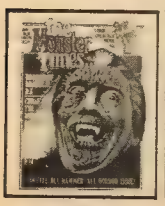

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THE FIRST FRANKENSTEIN

The EDISON
KINETOGRAM
VOL. 1 LONDON, APRIL 15, 1910 No. 1
FRANKENSTEIN
EDISON FILMS TO BE RELEASED FROM MAY 11 TO 18 INCLUSIVE

Unfortunately, his was a silent movie

The first Frankenstein Monster was NOT — repeat, NOT — played by Boris Karloff. It was played by Charles Ogle, but his portrayal did not win him lasting fame.

Ogle's Monster appeared in the 1910 Edison adaptation of the Mary Shelley novel. Not only was Edison's FRANKENSTEIN the first Frankenstein film but the first monster movie of any kind. Shelley's rather lengthy novel was condensed to a single reel, a feat of editing that even Reader's Digest would envy. In fact, the movie was made up of only four scenes in all, and the Monster was not brought to life via harnessed electricity but chemically created from a fiery cauldron. The first FRANKENSTEIN was not only alarmingly shortened, but fairly unfaithful to the book as well.

The only really faithful aspect of Edison's FRANKENSTEIN was the Monster himself. Actors were expected to design their own make-up back then, and Ogle, a minister-in-training from the appropriately named burg of Zanesville, Ohio, was apparently determined to fashion a guise that would parallel Shelley's descriptions of the Monster. Although bereft of the more macho elements of the classic Jack Pierce make-up for Boris Karloff, Ogle's make-up was quite horrible in its own right with its chalky, snarling face, long, tangled hair, and untrimmed fingernails. Unfortunately, these few photos are all that remain of Edison and Ogle's attempt to bring the still-new element of horror to the screen ... by they should be good for a nightmare or two if you stare at them long enough, but the moonlight, when you're naked and alone, and the hellhounds are howling in the distance. In fact, we're starting to scare right now ourselves ... although there are several possible explanations for that. ■

A grainy Dr. Frankenstein contemplates the wonders of life and death, while unidentified skeleton sits patiently by the table, contemplating whatever it is skeletons contemplate.

Charles Ogle strikes menacing pose in the vintage 1910 Edison FRANKENSTEIN.

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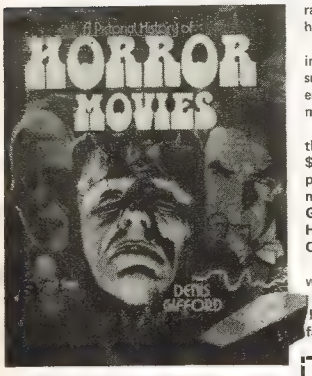

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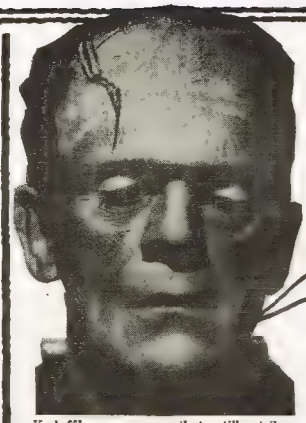

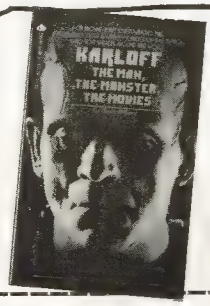

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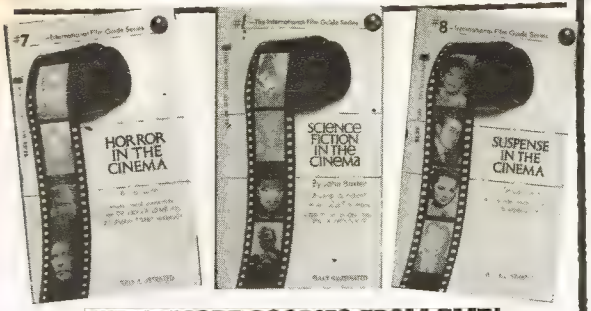

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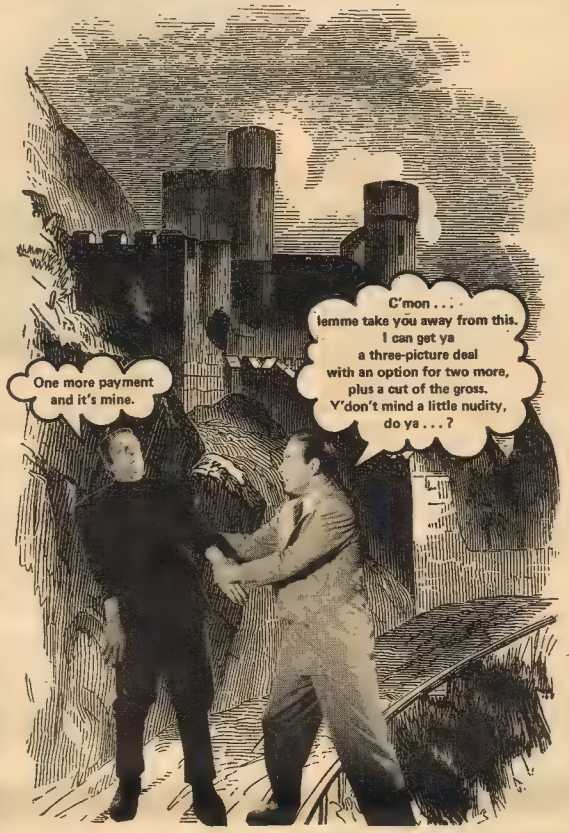
One more payment and it's mine.
C'mon . . . : lemme take you away from this. I can get ya a three-picture deal with an option for two more, plus a cut of the gross. Y'don't mind a little nudity, do ya . . . ?

The next time you're in Niederbeerbach, Germany, make sure you check out the REAL Castle of Frankenstein. That's right . . . there really actually honestly is a REAL Castle of Frankenstein, and here to tell you about it is Ron Haydock, intrepid traveller and former editor of FANTASTIC MONSTERS, who—believe it or not—has nothing but Truth on his tongue.

FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE

By RON HAYDOCK

If you're ever traipsing along through the mountainous region of the Odenwald near the village of Niederbeerbach in Germany you might want to stop off and see the Castle of Frankenstein. What's that you say? Frankenstein's castle is only a myth and nothing more? The castle exists only in a famous novel by Shelley and in motion pictures?

Well, if you do say that, you're wrong. Because a myth it's not and a fact it is.

According to information I've dug up to satisfy my own curiosity about its existence, the Castle of Frankenstein is situated atop a long narrow range of hills located between the valley of the Rhine and the mountainous Odenwald, West of Niederbeerbach. The castle was erected in 1252 by a young Baron Frankenstein who obtained the coveted mountaintop property by marrying the wealthy lady who owned it. Frankenstein had left his father's home and had to find himself a new abode. So no sooner had the woman with the real estate said "I do," than young Frankenstein began building his castle, complete with a large courtyard, surrounding wall, moat and drawbridge. However, this particular Baron Frankenstein did not then set about to create a living being in the basement of his newly built home. For the famous Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley novel FRANKENSTEIN and the Castle of Frankenstein in Germany have no relation to one another. Shelley's inspiration for her tale of horror about a young scientist who was questing for the secrets of life and death came from elsewhere, as did her inspiration for the very name of "Frankenstein." In fact, it seems altogether doubtful that Shelley had even heard of the castle in Germany or the hustling young man who had built it.

A MONSTER IS BORN

"I passed the summer of 1818 in the environs of Geneva," Shelley wrote in an Introduction to an edition of Frankenstein published some years after its initial success in 1821. "The season was cold and rainy and in the evenings we crowded around a blazing woodfire, and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of ghosts which happened to fall into our hands . . . These tales excited in us a playful desire of imitation. Two other friends and myself agreed to write each a story, founded on some supernatural occurrence."

Shelley's friends, as she put it, were husband Percy Blythe Shelley, the poet, and Matthew Lewis, a writer. But Shelley's tale of Victor Frankenstein and the monster he created by lightning and science was the only story of the three to actually be completed. As for the name of her brilliant young scientist, Shelley had three different reasons for selecting "Victor Frankenstein," none of which have anything at all to do with the Baron Frankenstein of Niederbeerbach.

First, "Victor" implies "conquest" and her character certainly did succeed in bringing his dead being to awesome life, although he lived to regret it. *Second*, "Franken-" was derived from Benjamin Franklin who had become known throughout the world for the invention of the lightning rod, using a kite one stormy evening to capture the crackling electric lightning from rain-thrashed skies. *Third*, "-stein" came from a certain European medical doctor named Eisenstein who had at that time been making quite a name for himself in various branches of medical science.

So was born Victor Frankenstein. However, there are still many people who will associate the Castle of Frankenstein in Germany with the character in Shelley's novel as well as the many adaptations which have been produced based on her book. It's an interesting footnote to Frankenstein that, although Shelley herself wasn't around to comment on any of the movies, radio programs, comic books or novels that have through the years featured her characters, she was at least on hand once during her lifetime to see a stage production of her novel. In Fall 1823 she saw T.P. Cooke, the Boris Karloff of his day, enact the part of the monster on stage in a theatrical version. Shelley was amused by this performance in London though she didn't think the adaptation was managed very well. But as for Mr. Cooke, Shelley thought he did extremely well as the monster.

THE DEVIL AND COUNT DRACULA

Actually there was a real life Dracula. He wasn't an honest to goodness vampire who changed into a bat at the stroke of midnight or even into a ghostly wisp of smoke but the devil-hearted leader of an army of Turks who overran Hungary in 1460 (*see TMT 14 for more info—Ed.*). His name was Vlad IV, who conquered the territory and claimed it for his own. Soon he began executing the peasants fiendishly, sometimes chopping them up in a grinding machine of his own design. There were hushed stories about how Vlad IV even feasted on the remains of his victims. Because the dragon was his coat of arms and because *dragon* or *devil* in Hungarian can be translated *Dracul*, this evil dictator became known forevermore in history as Vlad IV, *Dracula*. Perhaps author Bram Stoker had read or known about this Dracula tyrant and then with artistic license based his own diabolical vampire Count Dracula on the dictator ruler. This seems likely. But there exists nowhere a record or legend about any man previous to the literary years of Mary Shelley with a name like Frankenstein who went around stealing corpses from graveyeards to build himself a human being and so her book, Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus, seems to be entirely a product of her own imagination.

However, Frankenstein's Castle in Germany is not necessarily without its own monster. For in the nearby village of Niederbeerbach you'll find the tomb of Baron George Frankenstein, better known as "Knight St. George," that hero of bold legend who actually lived and, according to legend, saved the forester's daughter Annmary from death by sacrifice to a terrible man-eating horror which had at one time been roaming loose through the valleys and mountains surrounding Frankenstein's castle. George Frankenstein bravely slew the horrible ogre and thus brought peace to the country. Unfortunately, he died shortly after the crucial battle due to a wound he had received in his knee.

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Today, Frankenstein's castle lies in ruins. The family of Frankenstein has not lived there since 1600 when they left to settle elsewhere because of too many warring neighbors. Since then the castle has seen service as an old soldiers' home but this was short-lived because the housekeeper at that time decided she might make a nice profit for herself by selling off pieces of furniture, doors, windows and whatever was portable. In the 1700s there was some attempt made to restore the castle to its former glory, but after work had begun by valley people, enthusiasm dwindled and so the castle was left to the elements.

Reportedly there's still a treasure of the Frankensteins hidden somewhere in the ruins. Down through the years various treasure hunters have gone searching for this fabled treasure, hunting high and low, digging here and there and particularly searching for an entranceway into some of the many secret underground passages the original Baron Frankenstein had built into the place.

But to this day nobody has yet discovered the fabulous Frankenstein family treasures of rich tapestries and silver. ■

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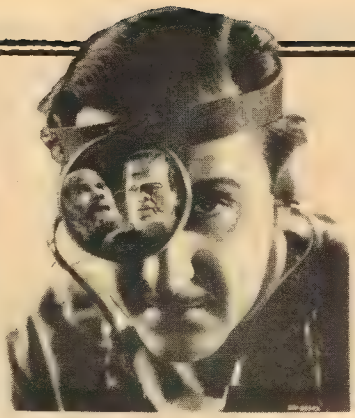
JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER ...OH WELL!?

THE DECLINE OF FRANKENSTEIN

BY DAVID STIDWORTHY



THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (Basil Rathbone) reflects on the imminent end of the good old days, as Ygor (Bela Lugosi) and the Monster (Boris Karloff) try to console each other. After the release of this 1939 film, Frankenstein and his Monster began their downward trek. Only a few of the Hammer Frankenstein flicks have shown signs of a possible recovery; as for the rest—well, at least they're easily forgotten.

After the completion of the brilliant BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN in 1935, the mad Dr. Frankenstein, his monster and assorted minions found themselves coasting downhill, first in a series of routinized Universal vehicles in the 40's and later in quickies that found the Monster in bad company indeed. By turns he became a demented teenager in I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, a demented lady in FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER, a demented straight-man to Abbott and Costello, a demented cowboy in JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER—and was generally subjected to a whole list of indignities unbefitting a monster of his stature (including guest shots in a couple of sexploitation films!). Here to follow the once-noble monster down the road to ruin is David Stidworthy, who discusses in greater detail the lamentable DECLINE OF FRANKENSTEIN...

As far back as 1939 when he did SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, Boris Karloff foresaw the inevitable debasement of the monster's monster. In the Universal years, while marking a decline from the brilliant FRANKENSTEIN and BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, the deterioration was gradual, starting with the miscasting of Bela Lugosi as the monster in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN. Glenn Strange was capable enough—what there was of him to see—in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and HOUSE OF DRACULA, but in these films the monster was little more than an emergency ghoul summoned forth to liven up the tail-end of the last reel. *"Run for your lives,"* shouts Lon Chaney in the closing moments of HOUSE OF DRACULA, *"it's the Frankenstein Monster!"* And sure enough, Strange breaks his bonds and lurches from Dr. Edleman's operating table—but he was called upon to do nothing more than destroy the lab in the requisite fiery finale.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN elongated the Monster's presence, even briefly permitting him to speak. To many Frankenstein purists, the fact that it was a comedy was reason alone to condemn the film. Rather exciting, though, was the finish of that film when the Monster tosses Lenore Aubert through a window and the Wolfman drags Dracula by his batwings into the surf, while the Monster meets his latest doom on a blazing, gasoline-soaked dock.

Lon Chaney's second appearance as the Frankenstein monster, after GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, was on a forgotten teleseries called TALES OF TOMORROW. The Monster here, designed by make-up ace Vin Kehoe, previewed the shabbier, more explicitly assembled-from-odds-and-ends look the monster was to later take on. Chaney's bald head was a charted sphere of furrowed scars, his cheeks cliffs of thickly applied putty. The show, according to those who saw it back in '52 or thereabouts, was a disaster—yet, in all fairness to Mary Shelley's description of the monster, the Kehoe rendition must have been fairly accurate.

Another TV venture, TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN, was the pilot for an unsold series. Don Megowan's Monster retained the old appearance and was given (*by Anton Diffring as Dr. Frankenstein*) the brain of a terminally ill sculptor. Unlike the brain of Ygor, the sculptor's brain had no problem with blindness, but it did take a drastic dislike to its new body and chose to bury itself alive rather than face the cold, cruel world.

FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD! After all these years, it's about time! This Japanese Frankenstein Monster was the biggest ever—but only in physical terms.

THE BRITISH AND THE BEAST

Somewhat overrated in my opinion was Hammer's first plunge into the Gothic, CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, made in 1957. This film served to introduce Peter Cushing as Dr. Frankenstein and Christopher Lee as the monster, and represented the first serious attempt to return the duo to their former nights of glory.

The movie begins at an early point in young Frankenstein's adolescence. Under the guidance of his tutor, Paul Kremp (*Robert Urquhart*), Victor Frankenstein develops a strong taste for medicine and he and Paul later succeed in reviving a dead dog. From bodies collected from graves and gallows, Victor and Paul go on to assemble a man, who is bandaged from head to toe. A brain is needed, so Victor contrives the *"accidental"* death of one brilliant Prof. Bernstein. Paul, appalled by Victor's methods, struggles with him, and the brain is damaged in the fray by fragments of broken glass.

Eventually the creature escapes, murders a blindman, but is shot and buried by Paul. Victor will have none of this, however, and revives the monster the better it might kill Justine (*Valerie Gaunt*), a servant girl pregnant with his child. When it gets out of hand, Victor sets the creature afire and, for good measure, it plunges through a skylight into a tub of acid. Without Paul to back him up, Victor is found guilty of the creature's crimes and sentenced to the guillotine.

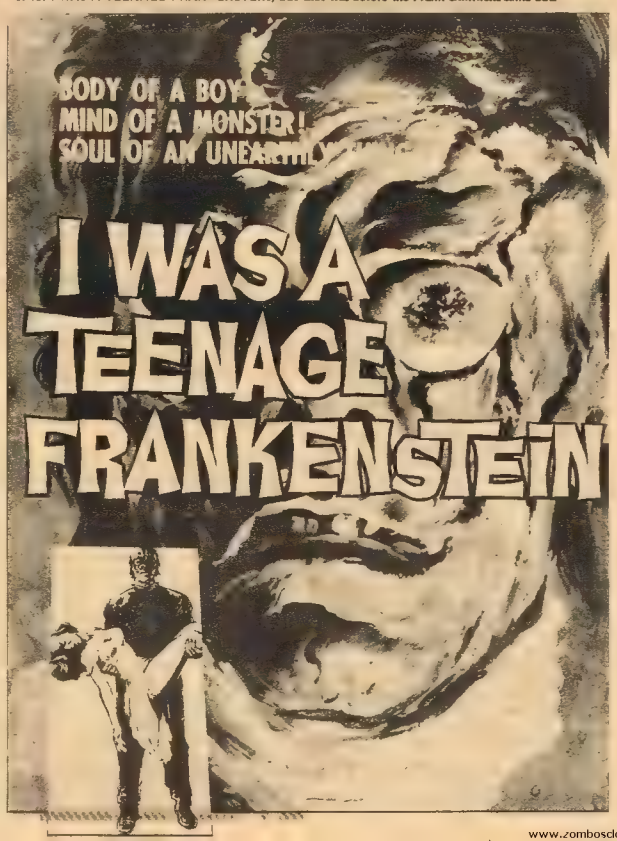
In the sequel, REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, a double takes the executioner's blade and Victor resumes his practice under an alias, Dr. Stein. Victor now controls a hospital and busily sets about assembling a new monster from the amputated limbs of patients, who are understandably miffed by this gratuitous butchery.

A crippled dwarf (*Oscar Quitak*) desires to have his brain transplanted into the body, but, as it turns out, his new self (*played by Michael Gwynne*) acquires cannibalistic tastes and is still cursed by the old deformities which continue to hinder his new body. Victor suffers a severe beating at the hands of his enraged patients and, just before dying, implores his assistant Dr. Cleave (*Francis Matthews*) to remove his brain from its present cranium. Victor subsequently pops up in another village teaching medicine with faint tell-tale scars across his head.

I WAS A TEENAGE RIP-OFF

An AIP quickie called I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN continued the vogue of making the Dr. Frankenstein character the real heavy. AIP producer Herman Cohen was not without his scruples, however. He decreed that in his films the kids would be forbidden to drink, smoke (*fighting and leching were perfectly alright*) and would commit dastardly deeds only under the influence of evil adults. The evil adult in this film

Most Frankenstein fans probably thought that their favorite monster had hit bottom in AIP's awful I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, but that was before the Frank skinflicks came out.



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This lurid poster from FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR promised a free burial to anyone dying of fright while watching the film . . . it didn't cover death by boredom, however. What's more shocking, though, is the fact that neither Frankenstein nor his Monster even appear in the film, just in the title, pressbook, and poster art!

was portrayed by character actor Whit Bissel (*the sinister Dr. Brandon who turned Mike Landon into the Teenage Werewolf in the film of the same name*), a good enough actor to know when to cooperate with intrusive comedy bits, whether these are intentional or otherwise.

Bissel's Dr. Frankenstein, living in present day America, and his assistant, Dr. Carleton (*Robert Burton*), hear the sounds of a ghastly auto collision outside of the Frankenstein home. One kid has been thrown through a windshield, it seems, and his body is found intact, discounting his badly crushed head and hideously disfigured face. Naturally, Dr. Frankenstein is quick to revive the dead youth for his own evil purposes.

Frankenstein, who finds young parts the best material for making monsters, has only two tasks remaining: fixing the boy's face (*a gem of makeup dept. ineptitude*) and teaching him how to talk. "*Speak!*" commands Frankenstein. "*You have a civil tongue in your head. I know, I sewed it there myself.*" Pathetically, the boy whimpers, "*Good morning.*" "*Amazing,*" observes the mad Dr. Frankenstein, "*even the tear ducts work!*"

Frankenstein's meddling fiance, Margaret (*Phyllis Coates*), is another problem the mad medic can do without, so he has the Monster dump her into a watery pit inhabited by a ravenous alligator. Later, Frankenstein and the boy (*who murdered a girl while away from home without permission*), go shopping for a new face and manage to lift one from a young man who bears a suspicious resemblance to Gary Conway, the actor who plays the monster.

Frankenstein's visa is about to expire and, in order to get around the probing of the immigration and customs people, he decides to dissamble the boy and stash the parts in crates with false bottoms. The violently resists sedation, however, and feeds Dr. Frankenstein to the alligator before he accidentally (*but inevitably*) electrocutes himself.

This lovely miss is FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER and starred in a film of the same name back in 1958. The film was terrible but pessimistic monster movie-watchers insist that the worst Frankenstein opus has yet to be made. You can be sure that the $-mad movie moguls will keep trying.

FEMALE FRANKENSTEIN

Thoroughly repellent and morbid, but entertaining when you're in a numb frame of mind (*and when are we not?—Ed.*) was the pseudo-teen-oriented Astor goodie, **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**, a film populated by a long line-up of acting class washouts: John Ashley (*the Pepsi Generation's John Agar*), Sandra Knight (*ex-Mrs. Jack Nicholson*), Sally Todd, Harold Lloyd Jr. (*son of Harold Lloyd Sr.*), Bob Dix (*son of Richard Dix*), Felix Lochner, John Zaremba and Wolfe Barzell. Even the rock music (*i.e., the sour saxophones*) was imitation vintage AIP.

In the opening scene, promiscuous Suzie Lawlor (*Sally Todd*) comes home from a late date and sees a woman in a blue negligee slinking down a dark street. The woman's face is a beaut: buck teeth, cracked and shrivelled skin, bulging eyes. Suzie's friend Trudy (*Sandra Knight*) has an uncle, Carter Morton (*Felix Lochner*), who hopes to perfect a wonder drug that will banish all forms of destructive disease. His sullen Ivy League assistant Oliver Frank (*played with perverse flourish and unrestricted ham by Donald Murphy*) has uses of his own for the most vital ingredient of the serum—Degeneral which, when taken orally, temporarily disfigures the subject and renders him or her insane. Before long police start getting reports of a woman with the head of a monster running wild in a bathing suit. Two officers chase her through a residential area until Oliver subdues her with chloroform.

Oliver sets up a date with Suzie and, since he's in need of a brain for his monster, runs her down with his car, later grafting her head to the creature's body. Uncle Carter, home after a busy night stealing more Degeneral from the Rockwell Labs, suffers a heart attack, which guarantees Oliver full, free use of the lab. The initial attempt to bring the monster to life fails, but, when the dark lab is empty, the thing rises, in the form of a kind of neutersex monster—ostensibly female, but clad in bulky white-striped leather and wearing a bandaged head (*supposedly Suzie's*) that's even more revolting than the Teen Frankenstein's.

Gratuitously, he-she-it kills a warehouse watchman and, on Oliver's command, a detective (*Bob Dix*) snooping in the attic, and Oliver's own henchman, Elser the gardener (*Wolfe Barzell*). During a struggle in the lab,

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Trudy's fiancee Johnny (*John Ashley*) accidentally throws acid in Oliver's face. Oliver goes down screaming and the monster dumbly stick his-her-its sleeve into the flame of a bunsen burner, thereby making an ash of his-her-itself.

FUTURISTIC FRANKENSTEIN

In **FRANKENSTEIN 1970**, an older, age-hampered Boris Karloff essayed the role of a descendant of the first Frankenstein. Members of a movie company are granted permission to shoot a horror picture on the premises of Frankenstein's estate, during which time

Xiro Papas plays the Monster in **FRANKENSTEIN 1980**, a recent Italian effort. The Monster also appears nude in the film, but modesty forbids us from showing him here. We think this facial shot is bad enough.

the Baron lovingly fabricates a real monster encased in bandages and resuscitated by atomic energy (*electricity is too old fashioned*). Rather implausibly, the Baron hypnotizes people by waving a coin in front of their eyes (*he should know that this only works on producers—Ed.*). Author George Washington Yates, true to his sci-fi instincts, has the Baron and the monster destroyed when atomic steam gets loose in the lab. Underneath the monster's bandages is a face identical to the Baron's, only younger and minus the scars sustained by Nazi torture.

Way past his prime, Karloff donned the weighted boots and electrodes for the last time in the "*Owlet's Wing, A Lizard's Leg*" segment of **ROUTE 66**, co-starring Lon Chaney and Peter Lorre.

By the mid-60's, the burlesque capacities of Frankenstein variations reached epidemic proportions; take the indescribably indescribable **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER**, for example. The monster is the towering, ogre-like pet of gnomish aliens who land in Puerto Rico to kidnap bikini-clad lovelies for the repopulation of their world. Once captured, the girls are hustled off to a spherical spaceship and stored away in compact drawers, wrapped in what looks like aluminum. Their activities are halted by a humanoid robot astronaut (*Robert Reilly*) with a rectractable scalp over his computer brain, who somehow becomes "*Frankenstein*" after half his face is blown off by a laser gun.

JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER had for its monster a brawny sidekick (*Carl Bolder*) of the famed outlaw (*John Lupton*) transformed by brain surgery into a live robot which Madame Frankenstein (*Narda Onyx*) patly names "*Igor.*"

Old Frank also went the nudie route in **HOUSE ON BARE MOUNTAIN, FRANKENSTEIN DE SADE**, and **KISS ME, QUICK** (*Also titled DR. BREEDLOVE AND THE WOMAN-MAKING MACHINE*)—clothed, strangely enough.

FUNNY (?) FRANKENSTEIN

And who can forget, even if they tried, those lovable rivals of the Addams Family, "*The Munsters*"? Since Universal had a claim on the style of Jack Pierce's makeup, the studio was within its legal rights to parody it as they saw fit. Herman Munster, in the amiable personage of Fred Gwynne, was given to throwing inadvertently destructive temper tantrums and was henpecked by a vampire wife, Lily (*Yvonne DeCarlo*), whose imitation Dracula uncle (*Al Lewis*) lived in with them. All of this was basically harmless enough—and there was even a theatrical vehicle called **MUNSTER, GO HOME**—but what must be taken exception to is the clownish impression the show left in the minds of children unborn when the original monsters were around. Of course, they can always re-educate themselves by switching over to "*Creature Features*" or getting the facts of life straight from that determined destroyer of false myths, **THE MONSTER TIMES.**

Hammer contributed to Frank's decline by releasing **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED** in 1969. Here we see the ubiquitous Peter Cushing boring a hole into the current Monster's head. The film bored a large part of its audience as well.

FRIENDS OF FRANKENSTEIN

Flawed and sometimes shoddy though they are, only the Hammer Frankensteins retain any sense of proper perspective. **EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN** had the air of being a sequel to a film never made. In the Shelley book, the Monster was frozen in ice at the North Pole. Here the Monster, played by Dickie Owen in a patchwork rendition of the Pierce makeup, is chased by the usual torch-bearing villagers and preserved in a block of Saran Wrap. Dr. Frankenstein (*Peter Cushing*) revives him, naturally, and the Monster becomes the pawn of an evil hypnotist named Zoltan (*Peter Woodthorpe*). Before the all too familiar destruction-of-the-lab riff, the Monster guzzles a bottle of chloroform—an inadvertent travesty of the monster's introduction to liquor in **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—and hurls a metal shaft into the revolting mesmerist's heart.

FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN saw the Doctor perfect a method of soul transference. Framed for murder by three rich rowdies, his assistant (*Robert Morris*) is executed and his soul is implanted in the body of his girl (*Susan Denberg*), maimed and ugly before Frankenstein's corrective surgery. Predictably, the girl enacts her lover's vengeance and repeats her original death by drowning.

For **FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED** it was back to the traditional brain-swapping, the subject this time around being an associate of Frankenstein who possesses vital medical secrets the Doctor, anti-climatically enough, has exercised for many a film. The inferno-of-death routine, at least, is imaginatively engineered.

HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN is basically a vulgarized remake of CURSE, the monster a pale carbon of Karloff's, played by David Prowse. Opinion has been divided on this film. Those who like it feel its unabashed irreverence makes it more palatable than a downhill work of Hammer's treated seriously.

One thing horror fans can count on is the fact that there will be further film adventures of Dr. Frankenstein and his Monster in years to come. What they *can't* count on, however, is a return to the good old days when Frank and friends were treated with respect and, maybe more importantly, with *talent.* ■

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN, and Dracula, and the Wolfman, and a mad doctor in a film that, despite its title and some inane moments, succeeded in creating a fairly effective atmosphere of horror in the great Universal tradition.

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YOUR COMPLETE FRANKENSTEIN FILMOGRAPHY

Compiled by Joe Kane

Here is your complete Frankenstein Filmography (or your very-close-to-complete Frankenstein Filmography), compiled at great expense and severe danger to life, limb, eyes, and mental health. Incidentally, of invaluable assistance to this pursuit of tedium was Walt Lee's incredibly complete REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS, in which absolutely every film (more than 20,000!) of the sci-fi-horror-fantasy genre is listed, along with complete list of credits and plot info on each. Walt's work is a bargain at half the price . . . and even for the $9.50 he's asking it's still worth it.

FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN

1910 FRANKENSTEIN *(Edison) 975 feet. Silent. Directed by J. Searle Dawley. Starring Charles Ogle (the Monster). The rare Edison silent with the weirdest looking Monster of them all.*

1931 FRANKENSTEIN *(Universal) 71 mins. Directed by James Whale. Starring Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, Mae Clarke, Valerie Hobson, John Boles, Edward Van Sloane, Dwight Frye. The original and some say still the greatest.*

1935 BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN *(Universal) 80 mins. Directed by James Whale. Starring Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, Valerie Hobson, Elsa Lancaster, Ernest Thesiger, Una O'Conner. The Monster loves and loses in our personal choice for Best Frankenstein Flick honors.*

1939 SON OF FRANKENSTEIN *(Universal) 95 mins. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Starring Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Emma Dunn, Edgar Norton. The beginning of the end of the Monster's days of glory.*

1942 GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN *(Universal) 68 mins. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Starring Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lon Chaney, (the Monster), Bela Lugosi Lionel Atwill, Ralph Bellamy, Evelyn Ankers. Igor & Co. revive the Monster, who rampages and gets rampaged in return.*

1943 FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN *(Universal) 72 mins. Directed by Roy W. Neill. Starring Bela Lugosi (the Monster), Lon Chaney, Patric Knowles, Ilona Massey, Lionel Atwill, Maria Ouspenskaya. And may the beast man win.*

1945 HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN *(Universal) 71 mins. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Starring Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, J. Carrol Naish, John Carradine, Lionel Atwill, George Zucco, Anne Gwynne, Glenn Strange (the Monster). A friend of Dr. Frankenstein takes up where the mad genius left off.*

1945 HOUSE OF DRACULA *(Universal) 67 mins. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Starring Lon Chaney, John Carradine, Martha O'Driscoll, Lionel Atwill, Glenn Strange (the Monster). A nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to be caught dead there.*

1948 ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN *(Universal) 92 mins. Directed by Charles Barton. Starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney, Glenn Strange (the Monster), Lenore Aubert. It was inevitable.*

1957 CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN *(British; Hammer) 83 mins. Directed by Terence Fisher. Starring Peter Cushing, Hazel Court, Christopher Lee (the Monster), Robert Urquhart, Valerie Gaunt. 1st of the Hammer revivals. The Monster turns on to bad acid, dissolves.*

1957 I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN *(AIP) 72 mins. Directed by Herbert L. Strock. Starring Whit Bissell, Gary Conway (the Monster), Robert Burton, Phyllis Coates. The Monster gets rhythm.*

1958 REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN *(British; Hammer) 91 mins. Directed by Terence Fisher. Starring Peter Cushing, Francis Matthews, Eunice Grayson, Michael Gwynn (the Monster). Considered to be one of the better ones.*

1958 FRANKENSTEIN 1970 *(Allied Artists) 83 mins. Directed by Howard W. Koch. Starring Boris Karloff, Tom Dugan, Jana Lund, Don Barry, Mike Lane (the Monster). Boris looks embarrassed.*

1958 FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER *(Astor) 85 mins. Directed by Richard Cunha. Starring John Ashley, Sandra Knight, Donald Murphy, Harold Lloyd Jr., Robert Dix. Not even a computer could find a mate for her. Last sighted in an uptown singles' bar.*

1958 HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER *(AIP) 74 mins. Directed by Herbert L. Strock. Starring Robert H. Harris, Paul Brinegar, Gary Conway (the Monster), Gary Clarke. Teenage Frankenstein meets Teenage Werewolf.*

1961 FRANKENSTEIN, THE VAMPIRE AND CO. *(Mexican; Calderon). Directed by Benito Alasraki. Starring Manuel "Loco" Valdes, Martha Elena Cervantes. Believe it or not, a Mexican remake of ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.*

1962 HOUSE ON BARE MOUNTAIN *(Olympia). Directed by R.L. Frost. Starring Warren Ames, Jeffrey Smithers, Bob Cresse. The Monster's 1st skinflick.*

1963 EL INFIERNO DEL FRANKENSTEIN *(Mexican). That's all we know.*

1964 EL TESTMENTO DEL FRANKENSTEIN. *Directed by Jose Luis Madrid. Starring Gerard Landry, George Vallis.*

1964 EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN *(British; Hammer) 87 mins. Directed by Freddie Francis. Starring Peter Cushing, Duncan Lamont, Peter Woodthorpe, James Maxwell. The Monster's given birth by still another bad mother.*

1965 FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER *(Vernon-Seneca) 78 mins. (Alt. title, MARS INVADES PUERTO RICO). Directed by Robert Gaffney. Starring James Karen, David Kerman, Marilyn Hanold, Lou Cutell. They don't get it on.*

1966 FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD *(Japenese; Toho) 87 mins. Directed by Inoshiro Honda. Starring Nick Adams, Tadao Takashima, Kumi Mizono. For its own good, we're sure.*

1966 JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER *(Allied Artists) 88 mins. Directed by William Beaudine. Starring John Lupton, Estelita, Cal Bolder (the Monster), Steven Geray, Jim Davis. Nobody wins.*

1966 FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN *(British; Hammer) 92 mins. Directed by Terence Fisher. Starring Peter Cushing, Susan Denberg, Thorley Walters, Robert Morris. He'll try anything once.*

1968 FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR *(Mexican; Independent International) 90 mins. Directed by Enrique L. Equiliz. Starring Paul Naschy, Dianki Zurakowska, Manuel Manzaneque. This one has nothing to do with Frankenstein, it's about werewolves. Good title anyway, though.*

1969 FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED *(British; Hammer) 97 mins. Directed by Terence Fisher. Starring Peter Cushing, Veronica Carlson, Simon Ward, Freddie Jones, Thorley Walters. Yeah, man, . . we're hip.*

1970 DR. FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS *(Canadian; Agincourt) 81 mins. Directed by Gil Taylor. Starring Robin Ward, Kathleen Sawyer, Austin Willis. Title tells all . . . all WE want to know, at least.*

1970 HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN *(British; Hammer) 95 mins. Directed by Jimmy Sangster. Starring Ralph Bates, Kate O'Mara, Graham James, Veronica Carlson, Dennis Price. The Monster camps out.*

1971 DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN *(Independent International) 90 mins. Directed by Al Adamson. Starring J. Carrol Naish, Lon Chaney, Anthony Eisely, Regina Carol, Jim Davis, John Bloom (the Monster), Forrest J. Ackerman. With a mad scientist, moronic assistant, decapitated women, Dracula, the Frankenstein Monster, and Forrest J. Ackerman, how good could it be?*

1971 DRACULA CONTRA EL DR. FRANKENSTEIN *(Spanish). Directed by Jesus Franco. Starring Dennis Price, Howard Vernon, Fernando Bilbao (the Monster). That's all we know about this one.*

1972 LADY FRANKENSTEIN *(Italian, New World Pictures). Directed by Mel Welis. Starring Joseph Cotten, Sarah Bay, Mickey Hargitay, Paul Muller. Sex & violence abound as a revived Monster scares ladies.*

1972 FRANKENSTEIN 1980 *(Italian). Directed by Mario Mancini. Starring John Richardson, Renato Roman, Xiro Papas, Dalila Parker, Marisa Traversi, Gordon Mitchell. Sex and violence abound as a naked Monster scares naked ladies.*

1973 FRANKENSTEIN *(Dan Curtis Productions, ABC-TV). Directed by Glenn Jordan. Starring John Foxworth, Susan Strasberg, Bo Svenson (the Monster), Robert Gentry, John Karlen, Heidi Vaughn. A switch—the Monster presented as a figure of sensitivity and pathos, forced into unwanted acts of revenge by the cold, cruel, unfeeling world around him.*

Other films in which the good Dr. Frankenstein and/or his Monster appeared include: CASINO ROYALE *(1967),* CASTLE OF THE MONSTERS *(1957),* EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE *(1970),* FANNY HILL MEETS DR. EROTICO *(1967),* FEARLESS FRANK *(1967),* FRANKENSTEIN DE SADE *(1969),* MAD MONSTER PARTY *(animated, 1967),* MUNSTER, GO HOME *(1966),* ONE MORE TIME *(1970),* SANTO CONTRA LA HIJA DE FRANKENSTEIN *(1971),* SANTO Y BLUE DEMON CONTRA LOS MONSTRUOUS *(1970),* THIRD DIMENSIONAL MURDER *(1941),* TORTICOLA VS. FRANKENBERG *(1962), and* YELLOW SUBMARINE *(1968).* ■

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the Monster Times Teletype

We've got a hunch you're going to like this one.

. . . is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you; reviews, previews, scoops on horror films in production, newsworthy monster curiosities, bulletins, and other grues-flashes. There are several contributors to our hodge-podge Teletype page . . . BILL FERET, our man in Show Biz (he's a professional actor, singer, dancer with the impressive resume list of stage, film and TV credits to his name), makes use of his vast professional experiences and leads to Feret-out items of interest to monster fans, and duly report on them in his flashing Walter-Wind-chill manner.

Some Chinese pics that might be appearing soon will be VALLEY OF FANGS, LAST WOMEN OF SHANG and DRAGON SWAMP. *Phooey Manchu?*

Michael Crichton, author of THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, *will act as producer at Warner Bros. on the film adaptation of his* THE TERMINAL MAN.

Dimension Pictures will be bringing us THE DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT *starring Mark Damon and Sarah Bay. Also from Dimension, Patrick Wayne and John Ashley starred in* SEA CREATURES. *Location shooting in the Philippines.*

There'll be another Spanish production with A CANDLE FOR THE DEVIL. *Judy Geeson stars.*

And back home, Universal will be lensing THE BOY WHO CRIED WEREWOLF *starring Kerwin Mathews and Robert Wilke.*

THE HOUSE OF THE LIVING DEAD *is shooting in Capetown, So. Africa for Capitol Studios Ltd. Toplined in the psycho yarn are Mark Burns and Shirley Ann Field.*

A new production set to go before the cameras, with the unassuming title of THE CARRYCOT, *deals with the charming custom of beating children to death . . . Really! Ian McShane stars as an evil butler. I guess the Butler really will do it.*

The Spanish opus TAROT *looks to be a goodly little occult cutie. Sue Lyon and Gloria Graham star.*

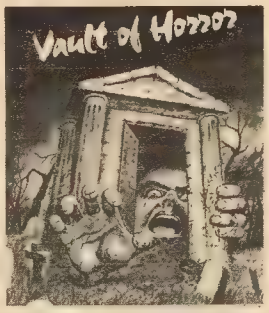
And for the poop about Gene Roddenberry's new series . . . GENESIS II. *Alex Cord plays Dr. Dylan Hunt, suspended (accidentally) in time in 1979 and awakening in the year 2133. The mutated race called The Tyranians are in power. They have lost all capacity for love, sympathy and pity (verrry* SPOCK*-like, no?), and a secret society called PAX is trying to save the masterpieces of culture. Beautiful Mariette Hartley plays Lyra-a, a half-Tyranian Mata Hari-Superwoman, after Hunt for his technical knowledge of the past. You get the picture?*

Warner Bros. is lensing the series for a 73-74 season, though the pilot ought to be shown in the very near future.

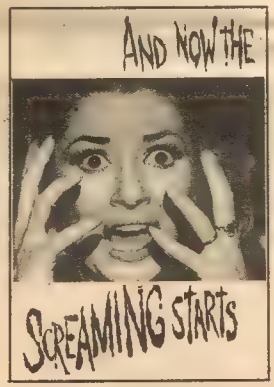
PLANET OF THE APES *star Charlton Heston's new film* SOYLENT GREEN *takes place in the year 2022, where all food consumption is controlled by the government. Such food consisting of synthetics and plankton derivatives, with true beef selling at $50.00 a pound. When they start talking about making a "killing on the market", it will be the "meat" and not the "stock". Co-starred are Leigh Taylor-Young, Chuck Connors, Joseph "*BARON BLOOD*" Cotton, Paula Kelly and ex-Tarzan—Mike Henry.*

Now for the real exciting stuff . . . NBC is conferring with Hanna-Barbera and Filmations about the possibility of turning the Paramount teleseries (calm yourself) . . . STAR TREK *. . . into an animated series. Done with a high degree of realism, this could be fantastic.*

An Italian import entitled THE HOUSE OF FREAKS *stars Rossano Brazzi as Count Frankenstein and Michael Dunn as Genz, the evil dwarf, supported by such a cavalcade of cadavers as: Goliath, the Giant, Kreegin, the Hunchback and . . . Ook, the Neanderthal Man. Pleasant bunch for brunch, eh?*



Well, it seems that Amicus Productions are the ones to watch. They previously brought you TALES FROM THE CRYPT, *and have ready for release its sequel,* VAULT OF HORROR, *starring Terry-Thomas, Glynis Johns and Curt Jurgens; as well as* AND HOW THE SCREAMING STARTS *with Peter Cushing, Patrick Magee, and Herbert Lom.*



The original musical score from Lon Chaney's 1925 film of PHANTON OF THE OPERA *will be used in MGM's mystery-melodrama* WICKED, WICKED. *Tiffany Bolling, Diane McBain and Madeleine Sherwood co-star.*

Here's one for the books, Merrill Heater and Bob Quigley, producers of numerous game shows, will lens their first feature film entitled . . . MURDER ON THE HOLLYWOOD SQUARES. *(You don't think "Charlie Weaver" capable of the nefarious crime?)*

Now for the telly-terrors . . . Martin Sheen and Colleen Dewhurst star in A PROWLER IN THE HEART *for the late-night ABC series. And also for ABC, Lee Majors essays the title role in* CYBORG. *Film is a possible pilot for series; Darren McGavin and Martin Balsam co-star.*

THE FLYING NUN *herself, Sally Fields, will be* THE GIRL WITH SOMETHING EXTRA *(ESP) for the CBS series.*

A few other Spanish productions to be on the lookout for are: THE HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE *and* DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE. *(We know what that latter is, don't we?)*

CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
April 8	The Second Sunday Phil Seuling 621 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	The Hotel McAlpin 6th Avenue and 34th Street New York City	$1 at the door	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
April 20 to April 22	Equicon Post Office Box 3781 Santa Barbara, California	International Hotel 6211 West Century Blvd. Los Angeles, California	$10 at the door $5 supporting	West Coast's first STAR TREK fanclave, complete with lots of STAR TREK props
March 25	THE MARYLAND MINICON I Joel Pollack 515 East Indian Spring Drive Silver Spring, Maryland 20901	Center Of Adult Education University of Maryland College Park, Maryland	Write con for rates	Sale and trade of comics—art and related material on display.
April 20-22	Luna Con Al Shuster Post Office Box 95 Old Chelsea Station, New York 10011	Statler-Hilton Hotel 33rd Street and 7th Ave. New York City	$3 in advance $5 at the door	The biggest annual sci-fi convention in New York. Many famous guests.

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of quaintly curious zealots. The gatherings called "conventions," and the zealots, called "fans," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these heir-brained affairs, we recommend it. Detractors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like maniacs, spend sums on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulps, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Airboy Comics (God alone knows why) or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comics science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable demented lunatics who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of those conventions. We dare ya!

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Cine-Fund Inc. will be releasing their all-star THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE *shortly, too. Stars are Bobby Van, Ruta Lee, Mala Powers* (COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK), *James Craig, Grant Williams* (THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN), *and Henry Wilcoxen. Looks Verrry Interrresting!*

Another effort being unleashed from George Romero, the man who brought you NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, *is* THE CRAZIES. *Flick deals with an airplane crashing and its contents of a mysterious chemical warfare germ contaminating the town. Virus kills or turns people mad. Production values are even cheaper than* LIVING DEAD . . . *that's really cheap!*

The Corman Brothers, Gene and Roger, team as producers of I ESCAPED FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND. *Jim Brown will be the escapee.*

Witchcraft and human sacrifice are the subjects of INFERNAL IDOL *from producer Herman Cohen. Evil, evil Jack Palance will star.*

Barrister Productions will have Sean MacGregor produce and direct the film version of his own novel PEOPLE TOYS. *It's a horror opus. (Is that anything like an oct-opus?)*

Jack H. Harris' SCHLOCK *should be in release very soon. As well as Westbury Films'* SCREAM BABY, SCREAM *and from AIP comes* SISTERS, *starring Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt.*

Terror in the Wax Museum

Cinerama Releasing will distribute the above, in addition to TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM *starring Ray Milland, Broderick Crawford and Elsa Lanchester for BCP Productions and* THE MIND SNATCHERS *starring Ralph Meeker for International Film Ventures.*

If that doesn't excite you . . . go see WARP 1. *That is if you're in the New York vicinity. I loved it. They have taken it Off-Broadway, and* WARP 2 *ought to be showing by now, with* WARP 3 *due any time now. It's satirical camp combination of* FLASH GORDON *and* STAR TREK *with a little Burroughs'* JOHN CARTER *thrown in. The costumes are magnificent. I hope it has a long run.*

This Frankenstein cartoon appeared in the March 1973 edition of GALLERY Magazine; another example of our favorite fiend's perennial popularity.

"Let me through, please! I'm a doctor."

THE BEST BOOK ON MOVIES WE EVER SAW!

After all the years of waiting, there's finally a book covering all the great classic fantasy films of years gone by. Entitled CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC, and written by film buffs Chris Steinbrunner and Burt Goldblatt, it covers countless numbers of fantasy film classics. They range from Melies first s-f film, A TRIP TO THE MOON to Don Siegel's classic INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. The book also includes such rarely covered items as FREAKS, FLASH GORDON and MAD LOVE.

The book is illustrated with over 350 photographs and horror film critic Larry Brill termed CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC, "The greatest film book of all time."

This book is now available for only $10, plus 50 cents postage from the fine folk at THE MONSTER TIMES. Order now, the monsters in our shipping department are just waiting for your order.

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Please send me _____ copies of the fantastic CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC. For each copy I enclose $10, plus 50¢ to cover postage and handling, in check, cash or money order.

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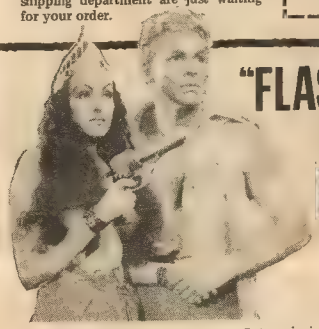

"FLASH... SHOULD I ZAP THEM FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT US?!"

Everyone this side of STAR TREK knows about the world's most renowned sf character, FLASH GORDON. Flash and comrades—irascible Doc Zarkov, delightful Dale Arden and the ever despicable Ming the Merciless—have made the scene just about everywhere. They have been in the movies, the comic strips and even television and comic books. Flash certainly has been around, and now to chronicle all those trials and tribulations comes HERITAGE—dedicated to Flash Gordon and Flash Gordon alone.

Heritage is published in two volumes, and both are now available from THE MONSTER TIMES.

VOLUME ONE—"Flash Gordon—Super Serial" by TMT's own Allan Asherman which considers the fine points of the Flash Gordon Serial and is replete with stills. Then there is an interview with Mr. Flash Gordon himself—Buster Crabbe. In the interview, conducted by world famous comic artist Al Williamson, Crabbe talks about himself, Flash and his new movie, THE COMEBACK TRAIL. The interview abounds with stills from Crabbe's movies and dozens of candids.

And for the comic fans amongst you, there are strips by famed illustrators Jeff Jones, Mike Kaluta and Frank Brunner. Portfolios are by Gray Morrow and Kenneth Smith. Illustrations by Frank Frazetta, Al Williamson, Roy Krenkel and Reed Crandall.

HERITAGE, volume 1 contains 64 sturdy pages with a full color cover of Flash by his definitive delineator, the late Alex Raymond. The price, only $3.50.

HERITAGE, VOLUME 2—also an all Flash Gordon issue. Heritage's feature this issue is "An Evolution of the Flash Gordon Strip," written by MONSTERS AND HEROES editor, Larry Ivie. Ivie is incisive in his comments and his article is liberally sprinkled with strips and stills.

For the comic fan, there are strips by Reed Crandall (called "Flash's greatest living artist"), Bruce Jones, Steve Harper, Neal Adams, Carlos Garzon and Esteban Muroto. Also included are portfolios by Al Williamson, Mike Royer and Stanley Pitt (Australia's greatest artist). Also, illustrations by Berni Wrightson, George Evans, Roy Krenkel, Gray Morrow and Wallace Wood.

HERITAGE, Volume 2 contains 76 sturdy pages with full color cover by Al Williamson and Gray Morrow and back cover by Wallace Wood. The price is only $5.

Together, or separately, these books are a must for any Flash Gordon fan, any serial fan, any comic art fan, any fan. In fact it's a must for anyone. So just fill out the coupon, rocket it by mail to THE MONSTER TIMES and we'll jet it over to you by return postage.

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Please send me the following items indicated for which I enclose my check, cash or money order. for $ _____. Please make check or money order payable to THE MONSTER TIMES

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The Creep delivers a menacing monologue, the kind monster fans like.

The Creep prepared to apply final make-up touches but breaks for a moment to contemplate his Creepy countenance in the dressing room mirror.

CREATURE FEATURES' Producer/Director Jim Shasky and The Creep stare at the script in disbelief just prior to showtime.

THE CREEP CUTS OUT!

The horrifying host of WNEW-TV's CREATURE FEATURES show, affectionately called "The Creep" (as that's his name), will be pulling a lamentable disappearing act beginning March 24. Although "The Creep" is slated to return May 5, we think that *any* absence at all is inexcusable and further feel that all TMTers should demand their rights in this matter. Personally, we've been so depressed by this news that we don't even have the energy to turn over in our graves right now, but we urge you to send *your* complaints to "Tell It To The Manager," WNEW-TV, 205 E. 67th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. And remember: Monster Timers never take no for an answer. Without the Creep's perverse presence, there's gonna be a string of sad Saturday nights ahead. ■

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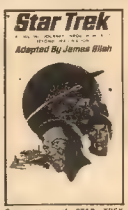

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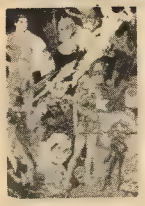

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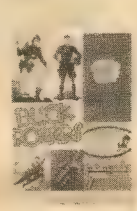

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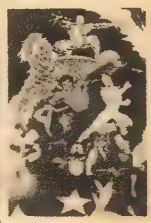

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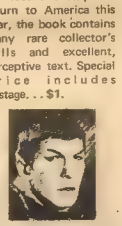

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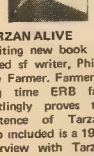

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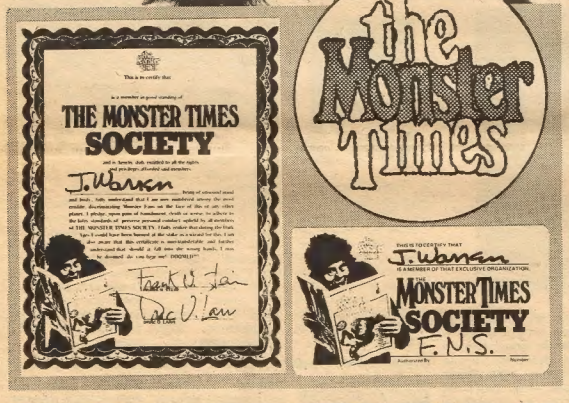

What happens if one day while just minding your own business, your life and limbs are threatened by a hideous monster? What if Godzilla threatens to destroy you? What if King Kong trys to flatten you? Or if Dracula tries to nip your neck? What can you do to protect yourself?

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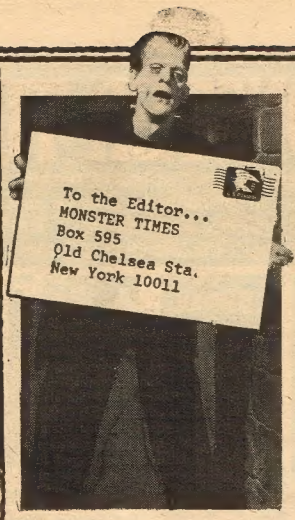

THIS IS A TRUE FAN!

Dear MONSTER TIMES,

If there is a loyal reader of THE MONSTER TIMES, it is me. I have all of your issues and love all of them. I even listen to THE SHADOW and THE LONE RANGER on WRVR because you had commercials on them. Last Saturday night, I was watching CREATURE FEATURES on CHANNEL 5 and THE CREEP personally held up THE MONSTER TIMES.

He said on television that whoever guessed the answers of the Creepy Clues would win a free subscription to THE MONSTER TIMES. I already sent in my answer, and I thought since you guys know him, perhaps you could tell him I'm a good guy and deserve to win the free subscription. I watch his show every week. I really deserve to win. Thanks a lot and keep up the good monster work.

Stanley Lieber
Manhattan

Dear Stanley,

While we appreciate your great enthusiasm for the MONSTER TIMES (imagine listening to radio programs just to hear our commercials), the Creep is incorruptible. He has to pick the winners regardless of whether they are good guys or not. Besides, what good is a monster paper if only good guys win???

SLY SY!!!?

Dear East Coasters,

My lord, you people, how much rope do you intend to give to our very own beloved Seymour (or, as he is known around Stage 8 at KTLA—Sly Sy. At the rate he's paying you per word we'll all be out of work in a week! You guys better order some T-shirts or something 'cause those bi-weekly articles are beating the—ahem—*heck* out of our Relief fund, not to mention the beating our announcer is taking transcribing the words from those Eskimo Pie wrappers. However, your paper does have its merits, as we at the studio know all too well ever since the great high exalted Seymour has taken to house training my new cocker spaniel.

P.S. By the way, as long as you guys are in the building, drop a hello note down to my mother in 2B. She'd appreciate it if you would keep the noise down after 6 o'clock.

David Hattem
Supervisor of Publicity
Letters to East Coast Editors
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Anything you say!

SHELDON SAYS. . . .

Dear Editor,

I just read TMT 12. And read it, and read it, and read it. Zowie, gang! The Monster Times is the best thing for fantasy, monster, science fiction, and comic book hacks since the human eye!

The Gorgo article was very imaginative. Not quite up to the Dracula interview, or the Crypt Keeper-Vault Keeper-Old Witch interview, but, good none the less. Of course, I know other fans will disagree, but I just never liked giant monsters. Your review, although not that positive, has convinced me to buy (or at least start saving for) *The History Of The Comics*. And that comic strip of yours "Their Masters' Voice" was as funny as it was horrible.

In my opinion, your best issue to date was MT 10. It was this issue that made of me an E.C. fan addict. Although I have no actual comics yet, I sent away for some paperbacks advertised in FanFare.

And thank you for FanFare. For someone like me, who enjoys letters and sending away for stuff, it's the answer. But how about a Pen Pal listing in MT? So fans can get together through the mail. Good idea?

Keep those product reviews coming, huh? I already checked out "The Monster Fan Club" and will be sure and write you of my experience.

Sincerely,
Sehldon Gleisser
Lyndhurst, Ohio, 44124

We're glad you like the paper. There will be plenty of new comic articles coming up in the future as well as comic collector's editions on comics. Our special July Comic Con Edition will feature articles about Burne Hogarth, C.C. Beck and Russell Myers.

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Free to roam under his own surveillance, the Monster stalks Frankenstein's fiancee (Mae Clarke).

FRANKENSTEIN

Continued from page 5

Elizabeth knew he was thinking of that hideous creature, and she turned his head toward hers. He smiled again, but in his eyes was a hint of doom.

At the old tower-lab, Waldman had donned a clean white operating gown and stood by a table full of sharpened scalpels and saws. He was preparing to dissect the creature. Cut up The Monster before it could foster more evil than it already had. Unfortunately, it was not to be The Monster's last hour, but Waldman's. For as the old doctor began his preparations, as he bent over the stretched-out form, he did not see the massive arm, the seeking fingers rising slowly to his neck. He only felt the fingers crushing his throat as, with pitiful gurgling sounds, his eyes rolled up into his head and he died.

The Monster threw Waldman's limp corpse aside and swung himself off the lab-table.

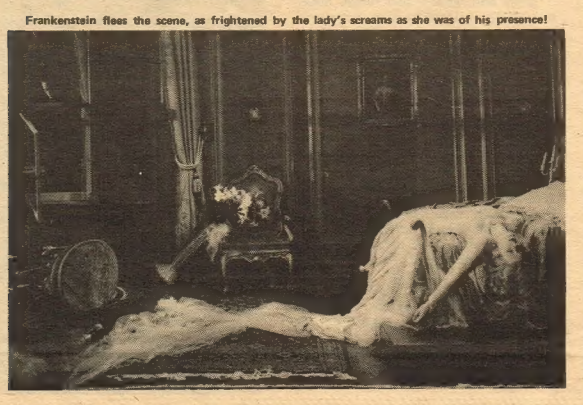
He sought the warm sunlight and made his way to the door of the tower. He forced it open with his incredible strength, and for the first time, he wandered out into the open countryside, completely at liberty, filled with hate, with not the slightest conception of right or wrong.

THE MONSTER SEES THE WORLD

He ambled through the woods in his peculiar fashion, taking quick strides so that he would not topple over. He listened to the sounds around him and struggled not to tangle himself in the underbrush. Then, as the last of the underbrush passed before his eyes, he found himself at the shoreline of an immense lake. It was quiet, the birds were singing, and, for the first time in his short, violent life, The Monster knew the feeling of peace. His pace slowed, and his hatred dimmed, for there was no one near to hate or fear.

A few hundred paces away a father was saying goodbye to his little daughter, Maria, warning her not to go too near the lake. Soon he would return and take her

Frankenstein flees the scene, as frightened by the lady's screams as she was of his presence!



The Monster watched and, clumsily, flung one of his blossoms into the lake. It floated too. For the first time he had done something successful in imitation of a normal person. He was elated! Happier than he had ever been, one by one he tossed his flowers into the lake until they all floated beside the girl's.

When he had no flowers left to throw, he glanced at them all floating, then looked quickly at Maria. Of course . . . he would throw HER into the water and she, too, would float. She would be a beautiful sight, floating there in the water, smiling at him. So, without a word, he grabbed her up and she smiled at him, and he flung her out into the lake. He waited for some minutes, but she did not float . . . It puzzled him, but after a short time he turned, thinking she was playing some sort of new game with him, and went on his way up the road to the village of Frankenstein, completely unaware that he had killed his first friend.

Some hours later, in the Frankenstein castle, the happy sounds were suddenly cut short as a scream echoed through the halls. It was Elizabeth's voice.

The bridesmaids had left Elizabeth alone in her room for a moment to tell Henry how beautiful his intended wife looked in her wedding gown. Now, as Henry heard her screams, his sense of horror returned. Running faster than he had ever run in his life, he rushed to Elizabeth's bridal chamber. He arrived just as a hideous apparition, The Monster, bolted through the window. The creature, attracted by her beautiful appearance, had apparently seen the open window and slipped inside. Elizabeth, fussing over her hair, had been too busy to see the creature. He had walked behind her . . . and she had turned, in terror, as she sensed the presence of something inhuman. The Monster had been as frightened of her scream as she was of he was liking back. And then The Monster smiled.

All would have gone perfectly well, had not the little girl gathered some flowers. Some she kept and some she shoved into the opened hand of The Monster. One at a time she threw hers delicately into the water. They floated. him.

Henry now knew that something had happened to old Waldman . . . and that his friend and former teacher was most probably dead . . . slain at the hands of the creature he himself had created! Now he deeply regretted his questing into the dark secrets of life.

The townspeople's merrymaking is abruptly and horribly terminated by the sight of the grief-stricken villager bearing his drowned daughter.

The townspeople rise up angry, vowing death to the mysterious Monster, as its creator, Dr. Frankenstein, leads the way.

A TERRIBLE SIGHT

At this moment the villagers, completely unaware of the presence of death or danger, were merrily dancing and singing in the streets. Everyone was happy; the beer flowed like water. The future Baron was getting married, and, for the moment, the food and drink were free.

And then, down one side-street of the town came a terrible sight. A tattered

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Enraged, the Monster applies a deathgrip of superhuman force.

man, walking as though he had nothing left in the world . . . in fact appearing to be thrust completely out of this world by stark horror . . . walked mechanically toward the center of town. In his hands and bent arms he supported a small dead weight that swayed with his own body as he walked. Swayed in rhythm to the music of the town as he half-walked, half-fell with each step. He did not blink . . . . He did not see the dead arm that hung from the dead weight he carried. The small arm hanging from the corpse that had, but a few hours before, been the happy, living girl called Maria. His daughter.

As the poor man passed the gathered clusters of villagers, the music and singing stopped, as the realization of terror, the truth of the rumors about the soulless creature haunting their valley began to be known. One by one the shocked people crowded behind Maria's father, forming a sporadic procession that followed, sharing in his silent mourning. Then, too, the silence gradually died, and was replaced first by a low muttering . . . then by a loud conglomeration of chants directed against the unknown fiend that had killed little Maria.

The crowd arrived at the center of town, and the Burgemeister emerged from his office to greet them. Henry Frankenstein, too, emerged from his house, as shocked as the rest of the people for the same reasons; frightened almost to the point of hysteria because he knew that he, and he alone, was responsible for the terror stalking the countryside.

Almost without words, the entire populace of the small town turned into a force of avenging beings, each one bent upon destruction. The women and children were directed toward their homes and instructed to lock all doors and windows before The Monster could get them.

The doctor finds his prey in short order, but is powerless to defeat his massive creation.

The men formed into two teams . . . . One would patrol the mountains, the other the valleys . . . . Until The Monster was found and destroyed.

Following the directions of a dying villager, Frankenstein climbs to the wooden mill where the Monster is rumored to be hiding.

Frankenstein headed his team of torch-bearing men to the mountains, while the Burgemeister's men directed themselves toward the valleys.

After both groups had forged ahead through the cold of evening, for several hours, a scream was heard from Frankenstein's group.

MONSTER SIGHTED

The Monster had been located! He had encountered a man and, like Fritz, the man had waved fire in his face. Without thinking, The Monster lifted the man and dashed him against the hard, stone ground. The man was dying as Frankenstein came to him, separated from the rest of his men. The dying man's hand pointed the way of The Monster. Henry's jaw set firm and, comforting the man with a pat upon a shattered shoulder, he started on his way. He had created this horror . . . and he would have to put an end to it before anyone else was injured.

Atop a mountain crest, Frankenstein stepped toward a giant boulder. All at once, from behind the boulder, stepped the giant, hideous form of his creation. The Monster looked at Henry Frankenstein, and remembered the face of the man who had brought him into being . . . to be hunted and hated and friendless. And then Henry Frankenstein made a mistake . . . . He waved his torch in the eyes of The Monster!

The creature's recognition turned to total rage. He turned upon his creator and, seizing the torch, threw it to the ground. By now Frankenstein's men had seen the light of the waving torch and were madely scrambling up ridges in an attempt to reach the future Baron before The Monster ended his young life. With horror they saw the creature lift the helpless Henry upon his monstrous shoulders, crushing him into unconsciousness in the process. They watched the creature amble off into the distance, toward the only building for miles around . . . the old grist mill.

The Monster carried Henry into the crumbling building, where the damp, rotted wooden mill still turned the great stone.

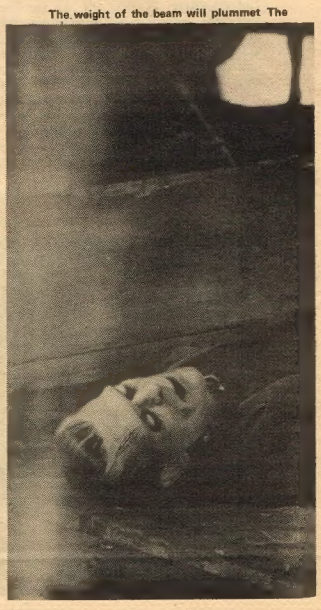
Hearing the sounds of the angry mob outside, The Monster dropped Henry to the floor and walked toward a window. The shock of being dropped to the floor had revived Henry, and now he struggled to escape his creature. He painfully inched his way toward the trapdoor that could lead him to freedom, away from his semi-living nightmare of his own creation.

But The Monster saw Henry through the corners of his hideous eyes and, with a sudden, inhuman speed, he turned and grasped the still-weak Henry. Henry did the only thing he could possibly do . . . Tried to strike out at the colossus that would surely kill him as it had done old Waldman. But it was futile.

For a single moment, The Monster loosened his grip, and Henry seized the chance to scramble out onto the balcony of the mill. High atop the heads of the gathered watchers, a drama took place. A fight between a young scientist-nobleman and an inhuman thing much stronger than the strongest man. Henry was lifted above the head of The Monster and flung from the top of the mill.

The turning vanes of the windmill made his fall easier. He landed on one, and as it turned it carried him down, so that he fell a short distance and struck another vane. In this manner, he was carried almost to the ground. He fell the last 20 feet unprotected, and landed in a grotesque position on the ground. He was battered and broken . . . But he was alive!

The weight of the beam will plummet The



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The Monster prepares to toss the man who made him to his death.

THE MONSTER'S INFERNO

The villagers' anger crossed the thin line between human rage and the bestial urge to destroy what is dangerous and different. The Monster was both of these, and so the townspeople did not hesitate an instant as they applied their torches to the wooden mill's sides, setting the old structure on fire.

The flames spread quickly through the old wooden building. The Monster, who had always been in deadly fear of fire, now knew the horror of breathing smoke and super-heated air. His lungs were becoming seared and he groped pitifully around to try and find some means of escape. But there was none.

The people all watched as the wood blistered. And high up, within the burning building, The Monster backed against a beam and the heavy wood fell on him. Already weakened by the flames, he was helplessly pinned beneath the beam. But the same beam that pinned him also saved his life, for the weight caved in the floor, and both beam and Monster tumbled far down through the depths of the old mill, into the cooling waters far below.

The villagers, of course, had no way of knowing this. All they saw was the mill going up in flames . . . being completely destroyed with the hideous being within, so they thought.

Henry Frankenstein was taken back to his castle, apparently free from the horror of his own creation. Elizabeth made a tender nurse, and the encouraging words of Paul, plus the admiration of the town because he had the courage to oppose The Monster, soon mended his body and spirits.

It's too bad that no one in the village suspected that, before very long, The Monster would be back to roam the land again. But that's another story! ■

Monster to safety into the cooling waters beneath the burning mill. The Monster will live again!

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